The Outlook

JANUARY 27, 1915

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"MURDER IS MURDER"

The facts in the case of the attack upon striking workmen at the railway station of Roosevelt, New Jersey, on Tuesday of last week, as reported in the press the day after, seem to establish a case of murder. With one exception, noted below, the accounts published immediately after the occurrence agreed in stating that the shooting was unprovoked, that it had not been preceded by criminal action on the part of the strikers, that the strikers were unarmed, and that the resulting death of one of the strikers (this number may very probably have been increased since this was written) and the wounding of about twenty others, were totally unjustified either by law or reason.

A strike had been going on at two fertilizing works. The strikers believed that the owners of these works were about to bring in strike-breakers. In accordance with their legal right, the strikers were trying to meet any strike-breakers who might arrive in the town and, if possible, dissuade them from taking the strikers' places. In carrying out this purpose the strikers entered a railway train with the consent of the railway men in charge of the train. They found no strike-breakers on the train. On leaving the train these strikers and the others who were standing about were attacked and fired upon by a body of specially appointed deputy sheriffs. One account (in the New York "Times") alleges that the deputy sheriffs assert that one or more shots were fired by the strikers, and that the strikers had piled "sleepers" upon the track in order to stop the train. But even this account adds that policemen and citizens agreed with the strikers in their declaration that the attack was unprovoked, and that the strikers fired no shots, threw no stones, and committed no violence.

Who were these deputy sheriffs? They were not salaried, regular officers of the State, county, or town. They were men who had been obtained by the employers from a private detective agency to act as guards for the works. They had been appointed temporary deputy sheriffs by the sheriff of the county. In other words, the situation was almost exactly the same as that which existed in the terrible fighting which took place in the West Virginia mine troubles and later in the Colorado mine troubles.

Apart from the special circumstances of this particular case, it furnishes once more a tragic illustration of the wrong way of dealing with labor trouble. To allow private individuals to hire armed guards paid by them, who shall have the legal power to deal with strikers outside of the property of the employers, is merely to court private war. As to this the New York "Evening Sun" rightly says: "The Roosevelt incident will only be another of those barriers of bitterness between labor and capital which intelligence and fair-mindedness on both sides could remove, and which such stupidity only heightens. . . . Swearing in irresponsible ruffians as deputy sheriffs in labor disputes and allowing them unlimited gunplay is a most dangerous, inexcusable practice of many employers, and it contributes to render more remote an era of industrial peace or co-operation."

The battle at Roosevelt again raises the question whether a State constabulary, such as exists in Pennsylvania and has done such excellent work both in dealing with strike conditions and in securing quiet and order in country districts not properly policed, should not be instituted both in New York and in New Jersey. In Pennsylvania in one case we are told that the conduct of the State constabulary was so manifestly fair and impartial, so clearly intended not to favor one side or the other, but to preserve order and enforce law, that when the State constables left the place they had guarded they were loudly cheered by strikers and by the people of the place. Certainly it would be better to call upon the State for

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such assistance than to employ professional mercenaries and dub them deputy sheriffs.

THE EARTHQUAKE IN ITALY

Another terrible disaster has befallen Italy. In 1908 an earthquake at Messina and vicinity, in Sicily and South Italy, killed some 77,000 persons and made as many homeless. Last week's earthquake was in central Italy. It centered at Avezzano and Sora in the Abruzzi Mountains, and perhaps sixty other towns and villages, killed some 30,000 and made many thousands homeless. The property loss is estimated to exceed $60,000,000.

The principal shock was succeeded by others of far less severity but of far wider extent. They were felt in the Ionian Islands, in southernmost Italy, in Switzerland, and even in France. In Switzerland they were accompanied by alarming avalanches. That the shocks were not volcanic in origin would seem to be indicated by the fact that Vesuvius has remained quiet.

Avezzano is sixty-seven miles east of Rome, on the railway which crosses Italy to Castellamare on the Adriatic Sea; it is an important sugar-manufacturing town, its mills representing a property value of about $3,000,000. The greatest loss of life does not seem to have occurred in the factories, most of which have been built according to modern ideas. Far different is the case with regard to dwellings. Throughout the Abruzzi region primitive methods obtain and the houses are simply masses of badly put together stones and timbers. Some time ago the Government announced a programme of concrete and steel construction. Where this has been adhered to the loss of life has been small.

Avezzano is now a waste. Mr. Marconi, the famous inventor, has visited it, and says, as reported:

> Avezzano has absolutely ceased to exist. In Messina some buildings, especially the palaces along the sea-front, give one the impression that they are still intact, their façades having survived the shock, while only their interiors fell in. Not so with Avezzano. No wall there remains erect. It seems as if the town had been ground to powder by some gigantic machine.

Only about a thousand of the 12,000 population of Avezzano escaped injury. At Sora, twenty-four miles south, a town of six thousand people, most are homeless. Illustrations of these towns appear on another page. But the most pathetic loss has been in the isolated districts of the Abruzzi, where thousands of mountaineers live in lonely solitude, far from towns and villages. Even under the most favorable circumstances communication is wretched. But now, when snow covers the mountains, communication is well-nigh impossible.

RELIEF

The most imperative demands of the wounded and homeless are for medicines and surgical treatment, for food and shelter. Especially pathetic is the cry for food. Cattle have been killed and harvests destroyed, so that those who have saved their lives despair of continued existence.

The Italian Government and people have nobly responded to the appeal. Thousands of soldiers, with supplies of food, clothing, blankets, and medicines, were instantly despatched to the Abruzzi to rescue the imprisoned and to preserve order in the towns. The soldiers present an extraordinary appearance as they come from the ruins; entire detachments are covered with a fine plaster dust and are white as millers.

The King has been indefatigable in his efforts, hurrying from point to point in the afflicted region, directing and supervising the relief work, cheering the victims, and devoting special attention to transporting the orphans to Rome, where, at the Queen's initiative, a part of the royal palace has been turned into an orphan asylum. Though it was but a few days after the birth of the Princess Maria, the Queen insisted on being carried in a wheeled chair through the new asylum, so that she herself might speak to the orphans. The King has contributed $60,000 to the assistance of the Abruzzi orphans. Many of them are suffering mentally as well as bodily, having ever before their eyes the horrible death of relatives and friends.

The Italian Government has appropriated a great fund for relief, and finds itself in the enviable position of being able to decline the proffered aid coming from other countries. The Italian Red Cross instantly grasped the opportunity to prove its worth, and hurried ambulances and tents to Avezzano. It has rescued and helped many sufferers, but its work is also one of prevention. It is exercising great care to avert disease epidemics in the earthquake zone, threatened as it is

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by interrupted water supplies and by the abnormal manner in which the people are now living. Through the American Red Cross the Italian Red Cross may be helped; it will be remembered that for those made homeless by the Messina earthquake the American public sent about a million dollars through the American Red Cross, which has already made a large contribution to aid the Abruzzi sufferers.

The Pope has received very large sums from various countries, and thus has been able to send financial and other help to all the bishops of the dioceses in the earthquake zone.

It is a satisfaction to note that the rescue forces have been augmented by our Ambassador at Rome, Thomas Nelson Page, and his staff, who have gone to the Abruzzi carrying supplies of clothing and provisions.

LAKE FUCINO

One disastrous result of the earthquake has been the choking up of the Fucino Tunnel near Avezzano. In ancient, mediæval, and modern times Lake Fucino (the Latin was Lacus Fucinus) has been one of Italy's problems. Thirty to forty miles in circumference and over sixty feet deep, the lake's level has been subject to great variations, owing to the lack of an outlet, with consequent disastrous results to the inhabitants along the banks. They complained, and successive Roman Emperors had plans made to remedy the evil. These took the form of an *emissarius*, or tunnel, through Monte Salviano to the valley of the river Liris far below. It is said that the Emperor Claudius had no fewer than thirty thousand men at work on this project. But it was never completely finished, despite the efforts of Trajan and Hadrian and, centuries later, of Frederick II. Finally, in 1852, the Italian Government gave the lake to a company on condition that it should be drained. The concession was later purchased by Prince Torlonia, the great Roman banker. He succeeded in reopening the Roman *emissarius*. He widened and extended it so that the outlet is about four miles long. Prior to the construction of the Mont Cenis Tunnel, it was the greatest work of its kind. Prince Torlonia thus drained the lake. It cost him over $8,000,000, but he reclaimed about 36,000 acres of land. Until the earthquake happened it was a vast model farm, colonized by families from the Prince's different estates. It represented a part of really redeemed Italy.

THE QUESTION OF THE DACIA

The problems arising from the transfer in ship ownership from a citizen of a belligerent power to the citizen of a neutral nation in time of war are acutely shown in the case of the steamer Dacia. This steamer, formerly owned by the Hamburg-American Line, was purchased since the outbreak of hostilities by Mr. E. N. Breitung, of Michigan, with the intention of using her to carry non-contraband cargoes from America to Germany. The Dacia is being loaded with cotton under the inspection of the British Consul at Galveston, in which port she is now lying.

This former German steamer was by our Government granted American registry. Doubt having been raised as to her exact status in international law, however, the State Department requested the English Government to permit her to make at least one trip without questioning the validity of her transferred registry. Apparently this action was taken somewhat on the principle of Rip Van Winkle's perennial pledge, "We won't count this one."

The British Government has now declined to grant the request of our State Department, on the ground that it could not consent to waive any of its rights in the case of the Dacia, and assigned as one of the reasons for its position the fact that such action might constitute a precedent which would be invoked to the prejudice of the British position in regard to enemy's ships transferred to neutral registry during the war.

Certainly England in taking this stand is within her rights. If the Dacia now clears either for a German port or a neutral port contiguous to German territory, she will doubtless be seized and brought before a British prize court. If by that court her new registry is declared to be invalid, there will then exist for our Government the proper opportunity for discussion, protest, or arbitration. Certainly, so far, the interest and rights of the United States in this matter have not in the least been violated.

Had Germany control of the seas, the same problems would arise, of course, in relation to the two English barks recently transferred to American registry and now lying in the harbor of New York. The problem in general is one in which principles

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rather than national prejudices are chiefly involved. In this particular case, however, the feeling among Englishmen, shown in more than one editorial comment, that the question of the Dacia's registry has been raised by German sympathizers in an attempt to "place the United States in a delicate and dangerous position towards England," cannot be entirely ignored. In this opinion, rumor that the sale was made at a great reduction in price from the proper value of the steamer involved may have had considerable influence. The value of this point, however, can be decided only in court.

THE SHIP PURCHASE BILL AND THE NEW YORK CHAMBER OF COMMERCE

The questions arising from the transfer of the Dacia to an American private citizen, complicated as they are, seem to us to be simple indeed compared to those which would arise if the transfer were made to the American Government itself. This, as The Outlook has already stated in a previous issue, constitutes perhaps the most vital objection to the Administration's proposal to purchase and run through the medium of a Government corporation certain of the merchant ships now lying idle in our ports.

That there are other objections of importance, however, must not be ignored. Both within Congress and without the difficulties in the way of the practical fulfillment of the President's wishes are receiving serious and increased recognition. Some of these difficulties, chiefly of a commercial nature, have been pointed out by a Committee of the New York Chamber of Commerce in a report to the members of this organization. In this report the Committee finds that "a sufficient crisis does not exist to warrant the enactment of a law which departs from shipping economic standards, and may do grave injustice to those citizens who already own vessel property." While the people of the country are against taxing themselves to provide subsidies for steamship lines, the Committee fails to see why they should "tax themselves to operate Government-owned lines admittedly at a loss;" the Committee fails to "see the difference, except that the latter plan carries with it evils far worse than a lack of American ships on the sea."

The great size of the undertaking upon which the Administration is apparently bent on launching the country is shown in another quotation from this same report:

> England alone has over 4,000 steamers engaged in foreign trade, and to meet, and ultimately out-distance, competition of this character will require an enormous investment of American capital and energy. It is impossible to conceive that Government ownership and operation can be successfully extended to cover so vast a field, and the moment it is invaded by the competition of public capital American private capital and energy, so essential to the successful restoration of our merchant marine on any adequate scale, will decline to enter the field. . . . The present Administration has suggested that $30,000,000 be invested in Government-owned vessels. If this be done, a small fleet will be created; but the feeling that the Government may from time to time add to this fleet and enter more extensively into competition for the ocean-carrying trade will prevent the participation of private enterprise in solving this problem.

As a substitute for the Administration's proposal to create a Government-controlled shipping corporation, the Committee of New York's Chamber of Commerce advocates the creation of a guarantee fund to be administered by a central board having the same fostering relationship to the building up of our commerce and shipping as the Federal Reserve Board has to our finance and banking. This guarantee fund, they believe, could be administered along lines which have been in successful operation in a different field for a hundred years, namely, in the field of mortgages upon real estate. The Crédit Foncier in France and the work of other companies which guarantee mortgages upon property under such widely different conditions as exist in the Argentine and Canada are cited as illustrations of what the Committee desires. It was proposed that this guarantee fund as applied to the construction of a ship should, of course, cover only a part of the vessel's cost. The Committee believes that—

> A guarantee fund of twenty-five million dollars, conservatively administered, could safely guarantee several hundred million dollars of steamship bonds, and thus do far more to re-establish our shipping than would be the case if a similar amount was permanently invested in vessel property. If this plan be adopted, an attractive security can be offered to the public; the responsibility of the Government can be limited, the Government would be paid for its guarantee, and a central board having supreme

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authority over shipping matters can be established.

On the advisability of adopting this remedy for our shipping troubles the New York Chamber of Commerce itself was divided. It was practically unanimous, however, in its condemnation of the President's proposal to organize a thirty-million-dollar shipping corporation under Government control.

THE MENACE OF MEXICO

Nothing would be more welcome to Americans of whatever party than an announcement that affairs in Mexico were shaping themselves so as to give hope of internal peace, safety to life and property, and satisfactory foreign relations. Unhappily, the exact opposite is the case. Week by week we have reports of anarchy, contention, and outrage.

Two events last week foreshadow increasing danger. One is the statement that the British Ambassador has made representations at Washington against the injury done to British interests in Mexico in connection with the oil wells. Here, as in the case of the murder of the British subject Benton, Great Britain has shown every desire not to antagonize the American policy or conduct as regards Mexico. Recognizing the fact that under the Monroe Doctrine the United States will not readily tolerate such interference by a foreign country in Mexico as would be quite justified in a country not in the Western Hemisphere, Great Britain, instead of direct action in Mexico, has laid the matter before our Government. The oil question is one of vital interest to Great Britain. Her new war-ships all use oil; she must have large quantities of oil; Mexico has the oil, British companies own large oil tracts and wells and tanks near Tampico. The working of this oil business has been very greatly interfered with by the troubles in Mexico within the last two years. Now, again, according to reports, Carranza, who holds Tampico, has closed the works, or has threatened to close them, unless large contributions are made to his war chest. This is a serious injury to Great Britain, and cannot be adequately met while such partisan warfare as that now existing in Mexico goes on. What our Government may do we do not know; in the Benton case it remonstrated, asked for information and got none; that case may, and probably will, still arise to make trouble. The present oil situation inevitably raises the question, How long will Great Britain allow its citizens and its property interests to suffer without such urgent remonstrances as will compel action on our part, or without itself taking such action in Mexico as will bring matters to a critical stage?

The flight of Gutierrez is another sign of menace. Apparently Gutierrez, who was made Provisional President by force of Villa's will, has deserted Villa's cause for that of Carranza. He says that the disorder, pillage, and summary executions which have been going on in Mexico City have made it impossible for him longer to follow Villa. Gutierrez has retired, apparently with some military force, north from Mexico City to Pajuca, and will doubtless join Carranza. He has been for the moment succeeded by Roque Gonzales Garza, a mere subordinate of Villa. Whether Villa will himself take charge of the Mexican capital is uncertain. He had not entered Mexico City up to January 20. Some reports indicate that he will strengthen himself in the north before attempting to occupy the capital; and it is not impossible that General Obregon, Carranza's ablest commander, will advance upon Mexico City and possibly soon occupy it. Villa's candidate for Provisional President is supposed to be General Angeles, who has been in command of Villa's forces now occupying Monterey. Feeling in Mexico City last week was excited and almost panic-stricken.

THE DANBURY HATTERS' CASE

Perhaps the most famous case in the litigation growing out of industrial questions is the so-called Danbury Hatters' Case. The decision rendered recently by the Supreme Court of the United States was not, as some suppose, the primary or fundamental utterance of the Court as regards boycotts. That decision was rendered by the Supreme Court in 1908. It held that a labor organization may by a conspiracy violate the prohibition against restraint of trade under the Anti-Sherman Trust Law as truly as may any other industrial combination. The present decision declares that the individual members of a union may be held personally for damages when the union to which they belong has been called to account for such conspiracy, whether or not they actually voted for the boycott.

Briefly stated, the Danbury Hatters' Case

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goes back as far as 1902, when the employees of a hat-manufacturing firm in Danbury, Connecticut, by a strike and a boycott, both primary and secondary, attempted to restrict the trade of the employer. In its first decision the United States Supreme Court held that individuals acting in and through a union might unlawfully combine through either a primary or a secondary boycott, and that such a combination was a restriction of inter-State commerce and contrary to the Sherman Law. After this decision the employers, through the courts, attempted to enforce attachments against property belonging to members of the union. In the lower court (the United States Circuit Court) the employees set up the defense that they had not individually voted for such a boycott, and that they were not, therefore, individually responsible. The lower court held that this defense was invalid; that an association of men acting together to carry out a common purpose must be assumed to act with the individual consent of the members, and that the mere fact that the individuals had not passed a formal vote to carry on the boycott did not relieve them of responsibility. The Circuit Court of Appeal sustained the view of the lower court, and it is now again sustained and finally settled by the United States Supreme Court's decision quite recently.

Two things may be specially noted about this decision. In the first place, if unions wish to avoid such financial responsibility by individual members—and it is said in this case that small homes of workmen have been attached and are held to enforce payment by individuals—then the union must assume responsibility as a whole. The only way to do this is by incorporation. As The Outlook has often urged, the unions should, for the protection of their own members as well as in order to insure justice at large, become incorporated bodies. It has even been urged by some that the law should compel them to incorporate. In the second place, it should be pointed out that since the decision of the Supreme Court in 1908 a change of opinion has taken place as regards industrial associations like unions in their relation to the Anti-Trust Law. Such a decision as has been handed down in the Danbury Hatters' Case would be difficult, if not impossible, to obtain under the new Clayton Law quite recently adopted by Congress, which declares positively that labor is not a commodity, and which also, though in a guarded and not at all clear manner, exempts labor and agricultural associations from the requirements of the Anti-Trust Law. The employment of labor is certainly a different matter from the purchase of goods, and the relation of a labor dispute to the prohibition against restraint of trade is by one school of thinkers not considered the same in the one case as in the other.

THE RESIGNATION OF GOVERNOR BLEASE

On January 14 there came to an end one of the most extraordinary terms of Governorship ever recorded in American history. The end came not by expiration of the term, but by the resignation of the incumbent. In the normal course of things, Governor Cole Blease, of South Carolina, should have been succeeded by the newly elected Governor, Mr. Richard I. Manning, who was, in fact, inaugurated on January 19. But on January 14, to the surprise of South Carolina and the country at large, Governor Blease resigned his office in a letter of eleven words addressed to the Secretary of State. He gave no reason, and we have seen only two reasons assigned. One, which is so puerile as to seem hardly credible, is that Governor Blease once declared that, whatever else happened to him, he would not be succeeded in office by Mr. Manning, and that he was fulfilling his pledge to himself by resigning five days before his office expired; another reason which has been suggested was that the South Carolina Legislature, incensed by Governor Blease's conduct, was on the point of impeaching him, or that there was at least the possibility of impeachment. Still a third conjecture presents itself, which is that Governor Blease thought that his action would, for at least one moment more, insure him that notoriety which seems to be dear to his heart.

We have before us the message submitted by Governor Blease the day before his resignation to the Legislature. We look in it in vain for any apology or explanation of his remarkable and reprehensible conduct in issuing wholesale pardons to criminals. But we find in it page after page about the personal history of Mr. Blease, about his ancestry, and about living members of his family; we learn that Governor Blease has served as a "Great Sachem of the Improved Order of Red Men;" that he is a member of the Methodist Church; that his wife was the daughter of a Confederate soldier; that in the last

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political campaign he was called "a stable boy;" that he has no fears of death; that he believes that there is a God; that he has never done a single act that he is ashamed of; and—most extraordinary of all, under the circumstances—that he is proud of his record. What is this record?

Five days before Governor Blease's resignation, according to newspaper reports from South Carolina, he issued full pardons to about fifteen hundred persons convicted of various crimes, including, say the reports, men and women guilty of violating virtually every law of the State; among the number were seventeen persons convicted of murder or manslaughter. The total number of pardons, paroles, and commutations of sentence granted by Governor Blease during the four years of his term is put at 3,165. It may be that the laws relating to punishment of criminals in South Carolina require revision, but we shall not insult the intelligence of our readers by arguing whether the course pursued by Governor Blease was or was not the best method of calling attention to such defects in the law. As to Governor Blease's violent expressions on race matters, it may only be noted that he, the Chief Executive of the State, and charged with the execution of its laws, has expressed himself as being in favor of lynching if only the offense be that which, in his judgment, makes it desirable. Moreover, in his expressed desire that the taxes of the white people in the State should be applied to the education of white children, and the taxes of the colored people appropriated to the education of colored children, he has shown himself unable to comprehend fundamental principles of justice and expediency which are held by intelligent advocates of the right development of the South, whether those advocates be white or colored. In other respects Governor Blease's record is singular and has caused dissension. He has been at odds with the War Department of the United States about the administration of South Carolina's National Guard, and is credited, in an article in the New York "Times," with having referred during this controversy to the present Secretary of War as a "pug-nosed little Yankee" who should have consulted Governor Blease before he established an encampment in South Carolina. In the same article the statement is made that Governor Blease, when referring on some disputed question to the Constitution of South Carolina, ruled the Constitution out of court with the terse remark, "To hell with it!" With the Supreme Court of his State he has had a long and bitter controversy.

It might well be asked why it should be necessary to call attention to the doings of a man obviously a demagogue and a person of, we will not say unbalanced mind, but unbalanced conduct and expression. His term is ended, his notoriety is a thing of the past. It is not our purpose to congratulate South Carolina on its release from his administration, but to point out for the example of the country at large that the personal qualities, as well as the political affiliations, of a candidate for a State governorship are of the utmost importance both for the reputation and the well-being of a commonwealth.

BEHIND PRISON BARS

In February of last year The Outlook had occasion to comment upon the conviction of William Willett, Jr., a lawyer of the city of New York, and of a Democratic boss by the name of Joseph Cassidy for the criminal offense of buying and selling a nomination to the Supreme Court of New York State. The traditional slip between the cup and the lip has too often found its parallel in the slip between the court and the jail. In this particular case, however, the conviction of these two contemptible traffickers in public office has been fulfilled to the extent of the law. Evidence to this effect may be found in the illustrated section of this week's Outlook, in which "Boss" Cassidy is shown as he is about to enter the gate of Sing Sing Prison.

It is said that no political boss of equal rank has been prosecuted, convicted, and imprisoned since the days of Boss Tweed and John Y. McKane. The prosecution and conviction of the latter first brought the late William Jay Gaynor, of New York City, to public attention.

The irresponsible boss who traffics in nominations to judicial positions, and whose political action is guided solely by the rule of "working for his own pocket all the time," is hardly to be considered a creature of great moral sensitiveness. His sole claim to public interest and political influence is that tribal loyalty by means of which he gathers and retains his following, and a certain element of picturesqueness not strikingly dissimilar to that which invests the character of Robin Hood or the buccaneers of the Spanish Main. It is this perhaps which has won for

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a certain type of political freebooter the past tolerance of a too unwisely indulgent American public opinion. The vigor with which the Federal Government is prosecuting the election fraud cases in Indiana and Illinois is only one more indication that we are undergoing, in this respect, a " change of heart."

GOVERNOR JOHNSON AND CALIFORNIA

The inaugural address of Governor Hiram Johnson, of California, is worth reading, because it summarizes the results of a State administration based on the platform of the Progressive party.

Governor Johnson is a signal example of a sturdy and successful political leader who is instinctively and spontaneously progressive. At first his voice seemed but the voice of one crying in the wilderness. But he proclaimed the governmental gospel just the same. His was a philosophy born of a love of justice for all humanity.

In 1911 he became Governor. In 1912 he was one of the founders of the Progressive party. In 1914 he was re-elected Governor on a Progressive ticket by an immensely emphatic vote.

Deeds rather than words have been eloquent of what has taken place during those years in California. The State has been freed politically. Its public servants now yield allegiance only to the State. The " invisible government " is no more. In particular the Governor notes :

Boss rule has been made permanently impossible by direct nomination, direct legislation, and the recall.

Suffrage has been extended to women.

The elections of judges, school officials, and county officers have been made non-partisan.

The public utilities are controlled and regulated by the State.

The public business of the State has been centralized and systematized under a Board of Control.

School text-books have been made free of cost to the pupils.

A civil service law has destroyed political patronage.

Prisons and reform schools reflect a humaner policy.

The underlying principle is that the State, while conserving all material interests, first concerns itself with and conserves its humanity. As Governor Johnson says, the social programme " which gave to women who toil shorter hours and more happiness, and to men something of the justice that had been denied them," has now covered " with the mantle of care and tenderness of the State the injured and maimed members of society, and has planted the beacon light of social justice and humanity far beyond the point to which the most ambitious commonwealth has yet gone."

This is California's record. But the State has another record of which she has less reason to be proud. With regard to the Japanese within her borders there is very serious question whether her attempted legislation has not contravened our treaties with Japan—and our treaties are the supreme law of the land. The Nation looks to Governor Johnson to redeem the name of his State in this respect.

TWO CITIZEN BISHOPS

There are bishops and bishops ; but the recent consecrations of Dr. Hulse and Dr. Sumner will put upon the episcopal bench two men of very different personality, but of great effectiveness. Bishop Hulse, whose portrait appears on another page, and who was recently consecrated in the Cathedral of St. John the Divine in New York City as Missionary Bishop of Cuba, was country born and country bred, and came to New York, as thousands of other country boys have come, to find work and a future. He became interested in St. George's Church, which, under the leadership of Dr. Rainsford, had become a center of religious and social activity in its neighborhood and in the larger neighborhood.

The young man was active, energetic, and conscientious. The work and the associations of a great people's church speedily laid hold not only of his interests but of his convictions ; and an inward call to the ministry changed his career. He began to study nights, prepared himself for a theological education, and passed through the Episcopal Theological School in Philadelphia. Bishop Potter, who had a keen eye for effective men, invited him to the Pro-Cathedral in Stanton Street, where he came to know men close at hand, to understand their experience, and to share their burdens. He showed himself a tireless and effective worker. Later he had considerable experience in Cuba, and became familiar with conditions there. Still later, on behalf of the Men's Thank Offering, he visited almost every part of the

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United States. He is a man of singular modesty and quietness of spirit, but of a great devotion to his work; and he is a lover of men.

Bishop Sumner, who was recently consecrated in Chicago as Bishop of the Diocese of Oregon, had won the confidence and affection of a great group of people within and without his own communion. Appointed Dean of the Cathedral in Chicago in 1906, he speedily assumed a position of leadership in the work of social service in that city. He was appointed Chairman of the Chicago Municipal Vice Commission, which made a remarkable report in 1911. Bishop Sumner was recognized as an expert and fearless leader in all social service matters. His interest in civic affairs was deep and keen. He was director in many societies and organizations for betterment, a member of the Chicago Board of Education, and chairman of the advisory committees of the United Charities. His work in connection with the Cathedral recalled the position of the cathedral in the Middle Ages, when it was a center of every sort of human interest and activity.

In an article in the "Survey" Mr. Graham Taylor says: "The city which reluctantly parts with him is making the occasion one not only for the expression of personal appreciation by many groups of his friends, but also for attesting the public service which a citizen-clergyman renders in the full discharge of his ministry. . . . He assumed a large share of initiative and service in opposing the worse and promoting the better forces in all Chicago as his personal and official part in its citizenship. His parish thus became city-wide."

There is a great deal of current criticism of theological training; and it is often charged against it that it deals too much with matters of scholarship and criticism and too little with the actual conditions of life. These two bishops have come to their high position through actual and practical service as well as through the preparation of students, and much may be expected from them both. The work of such men interprets the Church to the world and the world to the Church.

COUNT VON BERCHTOLD RESIGNS

In the midst of the war the Austro-Hungarian Foreign Minister, Count Leopold von Berchtold, has resigned. To be Foreign Minister of the Dual Empire means also to be President of the Council of Joint Ministers of Austria and Hungary; these ministries or executive departments for common affairs are the Ministry of Foreign Affairs, of Finance, of War, and of the Common Court of Public Accounts. Moreover, the Foreign Minister is also invested with the title of Minister of the Imperial House. He is the keeper of its family archives and secrets. The office is thus far wider in its scope than is conveyed by the name "Foreign Minister."

In his official capacity as Foreign Minister, Count von Berchtold was formally responsible for the ultimatum to Servia which led to the present war. His name has of course always been mentioned among those believed to be the immediate instigators of the war. But the ultimate instigators were the militarists of whom he was the tool.

As the war wore on Count von Berchtold's policy became increasingly distasteful to the Hungarians. That policy was simply the carrying out of Austria's original plan of punishing the Servians. But the withdrawal of large bodies of troops to and across the Servian border made easier the invasion of Hungary by Russia from the northeast. The peril of invasion has become greater, not only through the actual crossing of the Carpathian Mountains by the Russians from the north, but by exposure to the recently victorious Servians from the south and to the restless Rumanians from the east.

To devote further attention to a far-reaching campaign in Servia while Hungary was thus exposed did not appeal to the Hungarians. Their Prime Minister, Count Tisza, warned Count von Berchtold that to continue in the former policy would mean an alarming loss of national morale as well as of military strength in punishing Servia further while the homeland was invaded. Nor did Count Tisza hesitate to speak more openly. Reproved for these activities, he offered his resignation. It was not accepted, because the Hungarian Premier enjoyed the support of the Hungarian nation, and, had his resignation been accepted, a revolt might have followed. The Emperor was won over, it is believed, to the Hungarian point of view. Count von Berchtold, supposedly persisting in his own, suddenly resigned. This resignation was accepted. The implication is thus that the Emperor, despite the usual pleas as to the Minister's failing health, had found him incompetent and responsible for disaster.

The resignation, therefore, has much sig-

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nificance. In the first place, it is a public avowal that one of the principal open factors in bringing on the war has come to the end of his career in so far as that war is concerned.

In the second place, it marks a distinct change in Austrian military policy.

Whether it also marks a change in the Austrian foreign policy remains to be seen. It may even be construed to mean the beginning of a rift between Germany and Austria, the first step in a gradual withdrawal by Austria from the war. Some critics so think.

HUNGARY TO THE FORE

The circumstances of the Berchtold resignation are dramatic in themselves. But still more dramatic is the fact that the Foreign Minister's successor is a Hungarian, Baron Stephen Burian von Rajecz. This will doubtless be interpreted as a proof that Hungarian dissatisfaction with the methods of the war has been justified.

The new Minister has had valuable experience as Envoy to Bulgaria, and afterwards to Rumania. He abandoned a diplomatic career to become Governor-General of Croatia, that great Slav province in western Hungary which has caused the Government at Budapest almost as much trouble as has Ireland caused for the Government at London. And with equal reason. For the Magyars were treating Croatia in much the same rough and ready manner as England once treated Ireland and as Prussia has treated Prussian Poland. When Baron Burian became Governor he changed this tradition, and when he laid down his office it was said of him that he had acted in Croatia as Lord Cromer had acted in Egypt—than which there could hardly be higher praise. Baron Burian was deservedly promoted; he became Imperial Minister of Finance—an office referred to above. Here he played an important rôle in the Empire's industrial and commercial growth, but especially in the marvelous development of the provinces of Bosnia and Herzegovina. When the Tisza Cabinet was formed, Baron Burian became Hungarian Cabinet Minister at Vienna—that is to say, the Hungarian Cabinet's plenipotentiary in the Emperor's immediate *entourage*.

The new Minister speaks the various languages of the Balkan Peninsula and has an intimate knowledge of Balkan affairs. An early test of his ability will doubtless occur in the case of the several million Rumans in Hungary. Economically they are said to be better off than are their racial brethren in Rumania. But it is as natural that all the Rumans should long to live together under one political rule as it is for the Serbs to have a similar desire. It remains to be seen, therefore, whether the new Minister can conciliate the Rumans who are Austrian subjects enough to prevent their rising against Austria-Hungary.

But the advent of a Hungarian to power has yet a wider significance. It means that once again the passionate patriotism, the strong sense of nationality, and the capacity for self-government which have always distinguished Hungary are again to the fore. The Hungarians disregard too much the other races which inhabit Hungary, but they do not seek to impose themselves outside Hungary. Within it, from 1222, when they won their first Constitution, they have kept alive a spirit of rugged independence even during periods of Turkish occupation and Austrian tyranny. They now enter upon the present conflict as a practically independent factor.

JAPANESE AID FOR THE ALLIES

There has been a good deal of discussion in the French newspapers in regard to the advisability of inviting Japan to send troops to Europe to aid the Allies. The Japanese have so far given no intimation of their willingness to render England this further service; but they are sending another kind of reinforcement. Three corps of medical assistants have gone, or are on their way from Japan. Two of these corps are already at work in France and Russia; the third, consisting of nineteen Red Cross nurses (pictured on another page), recently passed through New York on its way to Netley Hospital in London, where they will care for the British wounded.

When one remembers that Japan and Russia were engaged in a desperate war ten years ago, it is interesting to note that when Japan offered medical aid Russia was the first country to accept. When it was remarked to Dr. Suzeki, a distinguished Japanese surgeon, who is in charge of the latest division of nurses, that it seemed strange for Japan to be sending aid to Russia, he smiled and said, "We have buried the hatchet."

The nineteen nurses are keen-eyed little women, in neat blue uniforms, which are a

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modification of the kimono, and each wears a medal. They are selected from a large group; and the medals they wear indicate that they have all seen military service, many of them having been in China during the time of the Boxer uprising, and in Manchuria at the time of the war with Russia. In many respects they are ideal nurses. They move with almost incredible quickness and silence, they are always polite, and they are thoroughly trained. Sometimes in caring for foreign patients they are a little too deferential to men. So great is this deference that a Japanese nurse might find it hard to resist the appeal of a wounded British soldier for a beefsteak at a time when his condition dictated broth.

The Red Cross Association of Japan is one of the most thoroughly organized and successful Red Cross Associations in the world. It has a very large membership and a large fund which provides for its running expenses; and, above all, it has great popular support. An appeal for a subscription to the Red Cross meets with instant response. The annual meeting is a popular function in which everybody is interested.

THE RED CROSS IN JAPAN

With the great emergency of the Russo-Japanese War, the work of the Red Cross demanded an extension in its operation and use, and a new era began for Japanese women. Every one had to do something, old and young, men and women.

All the bandages used in the war were made by hand. This work taken by the women was arranged for with Japanese precision and perfection. Large rooms in the hospitals of all the large cities were set apart for bandage and first-aid packet making, with relays of women at work all of the time. In one room the material for the bandages was torn, disinfected, and loosely smoothed and rolled to be more quickly and easily put through the hand machines, and thousands of these bandages in varying widths were daily rolled under the strictest supervision of inspectors.

There was no detail left open to individual will. All the workers changed their dress at the hospitals to a plain white muslin one. A white linen cap with a red cross on in front was worn well down over the hair, not jauntily or becomingly, but to cover the hair. Hands were washed in pink disinfected water, and the instruction was given not to sneeze or cough over the work. It also was remarked that it was better not to laugh or chat, but to work. The order for the number of bandages required each day was sent from the War Office by an orderly, and it often made a hard day's work to furnish the requisite thousands. Standing and rolling bandages from ten to twelve hours a day to suit Japanese surgeons is no child's play. One day a week eminent surgeons lectured before large audiences of workers, and with illustrations taught the use of first-aid help and the making of the packets that every soldier carried.

Women of all degrees in Imperial and social circles, from the Imperial princesses down, attended these lectures, and many women of the older Japanese school had never been in public before. Their faces showed a naïve curiosity and enjoyment in their strange environment, and they evidently enjoyed the idea of learning to do some laborious work for themselves. The first-aid packets were done up and disinfected, and then brought in their khaki wrappers to another room to have the ends sewed up by women who, perhaps, had never before in their lives held a needle in their slender artistic fingers. Many of the women, like the Princess Oyama, who had knowledge of the outside world, were delegated to work at the receiving rooms near the railway stations, where convalescing wounded were fed and their wounds redressed before being sent to their homes or near-by hospitals.

WHAT EVERY SUBURB SHOULD DO

Suburbs, no less than slums, need redemption. And Merion, as beautiful a suburb as Philadelphia or any other city in America possesses, needed redemption from selfishness, individualism, social indifference, an unwarranted sense of security, and crude disfigurements. Or at least Mr. Edward W. Bok believed it did.

Mr. Bok lives in Merion and he believed that it might be made much more delightful as a place in which to live. Merion, however, was contented because it had a reputation for being a suburb of wealth and exclusiveness. But all the while it was unconsciously suffering from deprivations, inconveniences, and blemishes that a middle-class manufacturing town would not tolerate for a month. There were infrequent semi-luminous blurs of yellow gas-light by way of illumination, gutterless roads, mud trails or cinder tracks

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for sidewalks, scant and precarious fire protection, a miniature and somnolent police force, an annual crop of mosquitoes, and many other things quite reminiscent of the dark ages and quite anachronous in a modern American suburb. And it was all overlooked, tolerated, extenuated, because Merion had no corporate or communal consciousness; it is not a village, or even a polling district, but simply a cluster of beautiful homes set in well-kept grounds, inhabited by busy, wide-awake, and delightful American citizens.

Obviously Merion needed a community soul, and when Mr. Bok proposed the creation of a Civic Association a new community was born.

The first thing necessary was a fearless stock-taking, and a survey was made by experts from the Bureau of Municipal Research. This mapped out the more obvious needs and sketched a prophetic picture of possibilities. Next the Merion Civic Association incorporated and engaged a secretary to see that the work designed should be properly carried out. One of the earliest discoveries was that the fire protection was entirely inadequate. By arranging with the fire companies of adjacent suburbs to respond in case of need, by erecting eight fire gongs, by periodic testing of hydrants and the placing of many new ones, the insurance rates to residents have been lowered between twelve and one-half and thirty per cent. The police force has been nearly quadrupled, and a police whistle has been furnished to every woman in Merion. The old gas lamps have given place to electricity, and the distances between standards reduced so that Merion is about the best-lighted rural community in the country. An expert was engaged to examine the milk supply, and no milk can be sold in Merion except from dairies that are registered as sanitary. Once a month the drinking water is tested in the laboratory of a professor of the University of Pennsylvania, and a printed report sent to each resident.

From the standpoint of beauty the work is even more remarkable. Where the Pennsylvania Railroad passes through Merion the sides of the cuts and fills have been planted thick with clambering roses, and in the season they are worth going hundreds of miles to see. The standards of the new street lamps are of iron, and the lanterns, octagonal in shape, are of solid copper. Architects and experts pronounce them at once beautiful and practical. All of the street signs are of cast iron and of artistic design, and the speed-limit warnings are similar. Thousands of magnolias, red-flowering horse-chestnut and dogwood trees have been planted by the roadsides. The moment one passes into Merion from any direction the change is noticeable. From being a go-as-you-please place Merion has become a model suburb.

Only two years ago Mr. Bok launched the Civic Association. If the plans now under way are carried out, as they will be, Merion may standardize ideal suburban life, certainly for Pennylvania, possibly for the United States.

AN ANNOUNCEMENT AND A STORY

Mr. Arthur Bullard, who for four months wrote The Outlook's weekly "Story of the War," now conducted by Mr. Mason and Mr. Kennan, has gone to Europe for the purpose of studying war conditions rather than military campaigns.

What are the prospects of peace? What will be the probable outcome—socially, morally, geographically? What influence will the war have on the history of the next ten years—and beyond? Such questions are of more real importance than reports of battles. Mr. Bullard will write for The Outlook a series of articles which will deal with essential problems rather than with day-to-day news. The first of these articles will be published soon.

Meanwhile we take the liberty of copying from a private letter accompanying that article a little incident that gives a moving side-light on war's reality:

> We did not encounter any battle-ships on the way over, but I caught a rather poignant glimpse of the war as we drew up to the Prince's Landing-stage in Liverpool. Long before any regular conversation was possible we saw a well-dressed woman on the dock. An Englishman with a voice worthy of the bull of Bashan began to shout questions to her.
>
> "Have you news of Fred?"
>
> The woman nodded.
>
> "Good?"
>
> The woman shook her head.
>
> "Is he captured?"
>
> She shook her head.
>
> "Wounded?"
>
> Again she shook her head.
>
> And a woman aboard who stood beside the strong-voiced man fainted. I do not know whether she was Fred's wife or mother.

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SECRETARY BRYAN AND SAN DOMINGO SPOILS

Mr. Bryan, Secretary of State, has in the course of his life written many letters. One of them is worth reprinting. It bids fair to become historic. It may radically affect Mr. Bryan's personal reputation, the fortunes of the present Administration, and the course of American political history. This letter is not of recent date. It was written nearly a year and a half ago; but it was made public only within the last few days.

The significance of Mr. Bryan's letter is not apparent without some knowledge of the affairs of San Domingo. It is addressed to the Collector of Customs of the Dominican Republic at the port of San Domingo. This Collector was an appointee of the present Administration, who has since resigned. The letter is worthy of careful perusal. It is as follows:

Department of State,
Washington, August 20, 1913.

Hon. Walker W. Vick,
Santo Domingo, D. R.

My dear Mr. Vick—Now that you have arrived and are acquainting yourself with the situation, can you let me know what positions you have at your disposal with which to reward deserving Democrats? Whenever you desire a suggestion from me in regard to a man for any place there call on me.

You have had enough experience in politics to know how valuable workers are when the campaign is on, and how difficult it is to find suitable rewards for all the deserving. I do not know to what extent a knowledge of Spanish is necessary for employees. Let me know what is required, together with the salary, and when appointments are likely to be made.

Sullivan will be down before long and you and he together ought to be able to bring about such reforms as may be necessary there. You will find Sullivan a strong, courageous, reliable fellow. The more I have seen of him the better satisfied I am that he will fit into the place there and do what is necessary to be done.

W. J. BRYAN.

What salaries are these that Mr. Bryan wants to know about?

The only salaries with which Mr. Vick had anything to do are for people employed in collecting Dominican customs.

Whose money pays these salaries?

The money of the people of San Domingo.

It is this money belonging to the people of a foreign nation that Mr. Bryan wants paid to "deserving Democrats" as "suitable rewards" for political work in the United States on behalf of Mr. Bryan's party.

How is it that Mr. Bryan, Secretary of State of the United States, has the opportunity of providing "suitable rewards" for "workers" in American politics out of the funds belonging to a small foreign nation?

To answer this question we must turn to the story of our relations with San Domingo for the past ten years.

On the island of San Domingo (or Santo Domingo) are two small nations. One of these is known as the Dominican Republic. In 1904 there was a crisis in that little nation which, strange to say, created complications between the United States and nations in Europe. This crisis all came about because there was a great and unprotected source of wealth in that island. It was as if a great heap of treasures were left unguarded. This source of wealth consisted of the customs duties of the country.

The people of the Dominican Republic had not shown themselves competent to protect their own interests. The money from the customs duties, of course, ought to have gone to pay the expenses of governing the country. Instead, it had been going very largely into the pockets of the men who were for the time being in control of the Government. Unscrupulous and domineering men were thus always trying to get control of the Government in order to make themselves rich. As a consequence, there was an almost constant state of so-called "revolution." That means that domineering, unscrupulous men *not* in control of the Government were almost continually fighting the dominating and unscrupulous men who *were* in control of the Government. The great majority of the Dominican people, who are, like most other people, peacefully inclined, suffered from this constant state of fighting.

This was not all, however. This state of affairs got the country into trouble with other countries. The Dominican Republic had borrowed money, and of course it was under obligation to pay interest on that money and to provide for the payment of its debts. But these unscrupulous men who got into power were busy lining their own pockets and neglected to pay the country's debts. European countries tried in vain to have these debts collected; but of

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course the men who controlled the Dominican Government paid little attention to these demands from Europe. Then these European countries threatened to use force with the Dominican Republic. That meant danger to the United States. For a hundred years the United States has said that it cannot allow European countries to get further foothold on this hemisphere. The unscrupulous men in the Dominican Republic knew this; so, thinking that the United States would never allow any European nation to use force in collecting the debts of the Republic, they went on with their pillaging without any fear of molestation. The European countries put the matter up to the United States, saying that if the United States would not let them collect the debts owed to them, it ought to do something to see that the debts were paid. That seemed entirely reasonable.

Meantime, there came into the Presidency of the Dominican Republic a man named Morales, who seemed to understand the danger that was threatening the country. Through him the Dominican Republic asked the United States to take charge of the collection of these customs duties, and the United States consented to do so. That was early in 1905. This country selected an expert in finance and economics to study the situation and to draw up a plan. This expert, Dr. Jacob H. Hollander, had been Associate Professor of Finance and Professor of Political Economy at Johns Hopkins University, had revised the taxation laws in Porto Rico, and had organized the Treasury Department of the Philippine Islands and introduced there a revenue system. He was thus particularly competent in both theory and practice to undertake this special task in San Domingo. When the plan was drawn up, Colonel George R. Colton, who was in charge of the customs service in the Philippine Islands after having organized it, was sent by the United States to San Domingo to organize the customs service there. After it was organized, Mr. W. E. Pulliam, who was in the Philippine customs service, was appointed General Receiver of Dominican Customs. These appointments were made without regard to party. We do not know what Professor Hollander's party affiliations were or are. Colonel Colton was, we believe, a Republican, and Mr. Pulliam a Democrat. They were appointed because they were obviously the best men for the respective positions and were qualified for them by study and experience. As soon as the United States took charge there was an end of revolution in the island of San Domingo, for the simple reason that there was nothing to fight for. The treasure that had been looted in the past was now safely guarded in the hands of a trustee.

As a result of the Dominican customs receivership conducted by the United States there has been a complete transformation of affairs in the Dominican Republic. The people of San Domingo have had their property protected. Of all that was collected in the customs, forty-five per cent—a little less than half—was turned over to the Dominican Government to pay the Government's expenses, and the rest was set aside to pay the Government's debts. The cost of collection was charged against the customs, and therefore came out of the people of San Domingo. The total amount that was paid over to the Republic for the expense of government, although less than half of the whole customs receipts, was in amount greater than the Republic had ever had before. So, not only was the Dominican Republic more prosperous itself as a consequence of this arrangement, but it was also paying its debts.

This receivership satisfied everybody except two classes. The only people it did not satisfy were the unscrupulous Dominicans who had been profiting by pillaging the customs and the political opponents of the American Administration that had put this plan through successfully. It satisfied the Dominican people, who were thus freed from revolution; it satisfied the European countries, which had no further cause of complaint; it satisfied the creditors of the Republic, who were getting their money; it satisfied the people of the United States, who were relieved of a very uncomfortable problem involving the Monroe Doctrine. Every American citizen who knew about this and cared for the honor of his country was proud of what the United States had done. The proof of its success is that it has been continued by two succeeding Administrations, and that it has been imitated in both these by the treaty with Nicaragua.

Like every such plan, however, this one depends upon the honesty of those who administer it. The Dominican receivership places upon the United States the obligations of a trustee. The one supreme obligation of a trustee is that he should act with regard to the interests of no one but his wards. A

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trustee may be careless or incompetent and be excused, but if he purposes to use his trusteeship to benefit himself, or some one besides himself at the cost of his wards, he can be excused on no ground whatsoever.

If, therefore, the United States cannot be trusted to act as trustee for a little nation like the Dominican Republic, it has forfeited the respect of other nations, and it certainly can have no self-respect. And any public man who causes the United States to betray such a trust is inflicting upon his country an injury that is greater than any loss of wealth or military prowess, as the loss of the soul is greater than the loss of the body.

The Secretary of State represents the United States in its relation to foreign governments, and therefore in its relation to the Dominican Republic. He represents the honor of his country, its dignity, its power. San Domingo is a little, weak nation. The United States is a great, powerful nation. At the request of the people of San Domingo this great, powerful nation has become their trustee.

In the light of these facts, we wish our readers would turn back and re-read Mr. Bryan's letter.

What has been the consequence of turning the Dominican receivership—this solemn trusteeship—into a source of reward for party workers, for "deserving Democrats"? That is a long story. It is a story of so-called honest graft that is being told under oath at the present time. We shall not enter into that story now. The revelation of these secret things is due to no partisan animus, for it was started by a Democratic newspaper, the New York "World." It has, however, got far beyond the range of a newspaper sensation. Senator-elect Phelan, a Democrat from California, has been appointed by the President to investigate the facts; and it is by witnesses before him that this story is unfolding. But the consequences of this perversion of trusteeship can be seen in part without waiting for these stories to be told. They are recorded in the official reports of the receivership. Since the present Administration has come in, under which the receivership has been used to pay American political debts, the amounts collected for the Dominican Republic have decreased, while the expenses of the receivership have increased. The official figures which we have taken pains to secure from Washington tell that fact clearly. The receipts for the first year of the present Administration which ended on July 31, 1914, were over half a million dollars less than the receipts for the year preceding—that is, they fell off from over four million dollars to less than three and a half millions. At the same time the expenses of the receivership mounted from one hundred and fifty-three thousand dollars to one hundred and seventy-seven thousand dollars. The one patent explanation that accounts for this injury to San Domingo is contained in Mr. Bryan's letter, and in the story that is coming out under investigation.

The treasure that was once subjected to looting by Dominican bandits and was put under the trusteeship of the United States is now beginning to be dissipated by the very men who are responsible for the conduct of the trusteeship itself.

And, when Mr. Bryan was asked to explain his letter, he replied that he was proud of it.

The ultimate responsibility for this state of affairs does not rest with Mr. Bryan. It rests with the captain of the team of which Mr. Bryan is only a member. It rests with President Wilson.

THE SHIPPING BILL

There are three ways in which the Government may deal with the industries of a people:

It may leave the industries severely alone and simply protect persons and property. This was the old Democratic policy. It may by legislation promote industries in private hands. This is the Whig and the Republican policy. It may take the industries out of private hands and carry them on itself. This is the policy of State Socialism.

The first policy left the United States a purely agricultural country. The second policy made it one of the greatest manufacturing and mining countries of the world. The third policy is still an untried experiment.

The present Administration proposes by the Shipping Bill to take a flying leap from the old Democracy to State Socialism, from a commerce unprotected and unpromoted to a commerce owned and operated by the Government. The issue before the country is very simple: Shall we promote commerce as we have promoted manufactures, or shall we

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take commerce out of private hands and make it a Government industry?

It is said that wise men learn by the experience of others, fools learn only by their own. What shall we say of those who refuse to learn even by their own experience?

A PARABLE TO BE COMPLETED

A certain man went down from Jerusalem to Jericho, and fell among thieves. And as they were stripping him of his raiment and wounding him, a certain Samaritan, as he journeyed, came where they were; and when he saw them, he . . . ?

INVESTIGATING THE EDUCATIONAL FOUNDATIONS

The reports of various great endowments for education and social betterment appear at the time when the Federal Industrial Relations Commission is making an investigation into their practice and conduct. This investigation is directed at the Rockefeller, Carnegie, Sage, and Hirsch Foundations, and the Commission intends to call as witnesses many of the leading financiers and educational leaders of the country.

The General Education Board, organized twelve years ago by Mr. Rockefeller, reports that funds now in its hands and gifts to education made through it amount to $117,362,710 devoted to forwarding the cause of education in the United States.

The appropriations through the Board to the University of Chicago exceed $13,000,000; the appropriations through the same Board to the Rockefeller Institute for Medical Research exceed $10,000,000. The details of the expenditure of this money show its division among colleges, universities, medical schools, miscellaneous schools, rural schools, farm demonstration work, both North and South, rural reorganization, secondary schools, and Negro colleges and schools. This fund in its amount and the freedom with which it can be used is without parallel in the history of education and social betterment. It is enabling a Board, including many men of the first rank in educational work, to select strategic points on the educational map and mass great forces at those points. The work done through the Rockefeller Institute for Medical Research was possible only on such a foundation, and has been of the very highest importance, not only to this country but to the world. The Institute is an advance station for the study of the science of health and the prevention of disease; and no work done in the country is of greater importance. In this connection the work done in the prevention and cure of the hookworm, which has half paralyzed a great population in some parts of the world, is one of the most striking achievements of the age. Very little is said about it; but in importance and service to humanity it far surpasses many political movements and actions which fill the newspapers and resound through the country.

The aid rendered to scientific farming in the Southern States, to which the Government is now lending its powerful co-operation, cannot be estimated in figures. It has been said more than once that the most powerful and characteristic expressions of American life are found in the activities of the people apart from the Government. These great Foundations constitute a force for education which in its freedom and flexibility could not be created or managed by the Government.

There is no reason why the management of these great Foundations should not be investigated. In this age of investigation, when the Federal Reserve Board is put under systematic observation almost before it has gone into operation, it is not surprising that these vast sums should attract attention. The handling of such vast sums ought to be under proper supervision. In unwise hands vast waste or improper uses dangerous to the community might creep in, and the holdings of these Foundations in great industrial enterprises might make gross abuses of power possible.

It is to be hoped, however, that the report that this investigation was instigated by the fear that the Foundations represented an attempt to substitute monarchical for republican institutions in this country is without foundation. Some remarks of the chairman seem to give at least a semblance of authority to this report. If so, whatever other ability the Commission may possess, it is certainly defective in the sense of humor.

Such an investigation is perfectly legitimate if conducted for the proper purposes and in the right spirit; and if the administration of these funds can be shown to have

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interfered in any way with industrial conditions for the benefit of employers, the country would be very glad to know the fact. But the funds are entitled to the presumption of honest administration for the public welfare; their record of usefulness has been so extraordinary that the country will demand that any investigation of their management shall be entirely detached from partisanship of all kinds.

The question has been raised whether such an investigation lies properly within the power of the Federal Commission. It is to be hoped that the administrators of the Foundations will not raise that technical question. They are men whose character and ability commit them to meet the investigators with perfect frankness. It must be said that the speeches of the chairman of the Commission, if he has been properly reported, are not such as to commend either his spirit or his purpose to the country. Any investigation of great funds specifically directed to the public welfare must be conducted in an absolutely judicial spirit and with entire freedom from political ends. The very fact that these enterprises are of such vast scope and involve the handling of such immense funds ought to awaken, not suspicion, but a desire to co-operate with their work. If it is found that that work is conducted in accordance with the purposes for which in its various forms it was inaugurated, the country will resent any attempt to make political capital out of such an investigation.

THE STORY OF THE WAR

BY GREGORY MASON AND GEORGE KENNAN

I—A REVIEW OF THE WEEK

BY GREGORY MASON

LIKE the short, sharp rush of a stubborn bear at bay in a ring of dogs, trying to break through by taking his surrounders off their guard, was the short but clean-cut advance of grim old General von Kluck at Soissons, which was the outstanding event of the week January 13–20. Coming as it did just before the anniversary of the surrender of Paris to the Germans in 1870, and coming at the point in the German lines nearest to Paris, it may have disturbed the gentlemen who have recently brought back to that city their Government, which was removed to Bordeaux when the Germans were on the Marne in September; but there is no good reason to believe that it brings any serious danger to the French capital. It is a long, weary way to Paris now across sixty miles of well-fortified country in the face of a foe who has found a strength which he did not possess in September—and the Germans know it.

Recently I compared the situation in Europe to a siege of Germany and Austria. The drive from the Champagne hills north of the Aisne, which has sent the French tumbling across that river, is properly comparable to a sortie from a besieged position. It will not do to minimize the importance of the admitted loss by the French of their positions along five miles of the northern side of the Aisne, including five or six villages; but, unless General von Kluck resumes his offensive in much greater strength, it cannot be considered more than a well-carried-out raid. The significance of this move lies in the fact that since the Germans retreated across the Aisne at Soissons on September 12 after the setback on the Marne, as the Turks retreated across the Tchataldja after Lule Burgas, the Allies have not only failed to budge them into farther retreat, but have now been compelled themselves to withdraw to stronger positions than could be found on the plateaus between the Germans and the river.

To a world audience weary of watching a four months' deadlock on the western battle-front the spectacularly successful lunge of the Germans was bound to appeal to the dramatic instinct even of those in the audience who are praying for Germany's defeat. Kluck's latest *tour de force* has had almost as much grand-stand appeal as Hindenburg's nimble dodging in Poland.

The Germans now hold the north bank of the Aisne from Soissons to Vailly. From

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this position a very likely move of the Germans would be, not south against the strong French positions on the crests overlooking the highway from Soissons to Rheims, through Braisne and Fismes, but east against Rheims, with its important railways and highways. Though it may be true, as some experts claim, that the French attack around Soissons early in the week, which drew forth von Kluck's splendid counter, was only a diversion to ease German pressure on the allied forces in Flanders, the Argonne, and Alsace, nevertheless it has resulted in the most severe setback the Allies have suffered since the loss of Lodz on December 6.

THE CAUCASUS AND THE CARPATHIANS

In the Caucasus the Russians claim that they have destroyed near Kara-Urgan and Olti the rear-guards of the two Turkish armies recently defeated by them at Sari Kamysh and Ardahan; and the Slav advance on the Turkish base at Erzerum, by the time this is published, may be well under way. However, Petrograd admits that the Turks have occupied the very important Persian city of Tabriz, near the Russo-Persian border. The German-officered Turkish armies undoubtedly want to use Tabriz as a base from which to launch an attack at the Russian province of Erivan, the frontier of which is poorly defended, as the Czar has not expected trouble from this quarter. Persia has asked Great Britain and Russia to help her in opposing this violation of her neutrality. Accounts differ as to whether the Russian garrison, which had been in Tabriz since the Persian revolution of 1906–7, offered resistance to the Ottoman forces or not, but an early attempt of the Czar to retake the city may be expected, for Tabriz is a strategic center in that it controls the highways and railways to the Russian border.

The situation in Poland and East Prussia seems to be tightening up almost to the point of the battle line in France. The capture by the Russians of the Kirlibaba Pass from Bukowina into Transylvania, however, may have a far-reaching political as well as military effect, for the presence of Russia in Transylvania, more than half of whose population is Rumanian, is a great encouragement to the Rumanian war party, which is seeking to drag the country into the camp of the Allies. On the other hand, Italy, which was growing ominously restless until the earthquake laid her low, is not likely to look for further trouble now until she has fully recovered from the shock of the domestic disaster.

Turkey's apology for the insult to Italy at Hodeida, an Arabian port on the Red Sea, has made it possible for Italy to stay out of the war with a good face. Italy, it will be remembered, alleged that early in December Turkish gendarmes attacked the Italian Consulate at Hodeida, to get at the British Consul in refuge there, and assaulted and arrested the Italian Consul, Signor Cecchi. Had not the Ottoman Government yielded to Italy's demands, the Hodeida affair might well have had graver historical consequences than the recent Italian seizure of Avlona, on the Adriatic, yet promises to have.

GERMAN AIRMEN TO THE FORE

The morning papers of January 20 brought word of what seems to have been the most serious air raid yet attempted by the Germans against the British Isles. The attack, which was directed against Yarmouth, Cromer, Sheringham, King's Lynn, and other Norfolk towns, including Sandringham, where the royal residence was apparently a target for bombs, was made under cover of darkness so thick that few persons even claim to have seen the raiding aircraft, and as we go to press it is uncertain whether they were Zeppelins or aeroplanes. Three harmless non-combatants and one soldier are reported to have been killed, but apparently there was little damage to property except in Yarmouth, where several dwellings and shops were badly injured. This is the first approach to anything like the wholesale air attack on England which the Germans have been threatening to make since the outbreak of the war. Information is as yet too meager to make comment upon this feat worth while, but, unless the Teutons lost some of their air-vessels, the destruction of several English workingmen's homes, with the killing of several of the inmates, has probably made the raid sufficiently valuable from the German point of view to warrant undertaking the wholesale Zeppelin attack on London or on the British fleet of which we have heard so much.

BAYONETS AND BULLETS

The fondness of the British for using "cold steel" at close quarters has been a favorite subject for the expatiation of war correspondents since Kitchener's first expeditionary force landed in France.

The frequent use of the bayonet by troops

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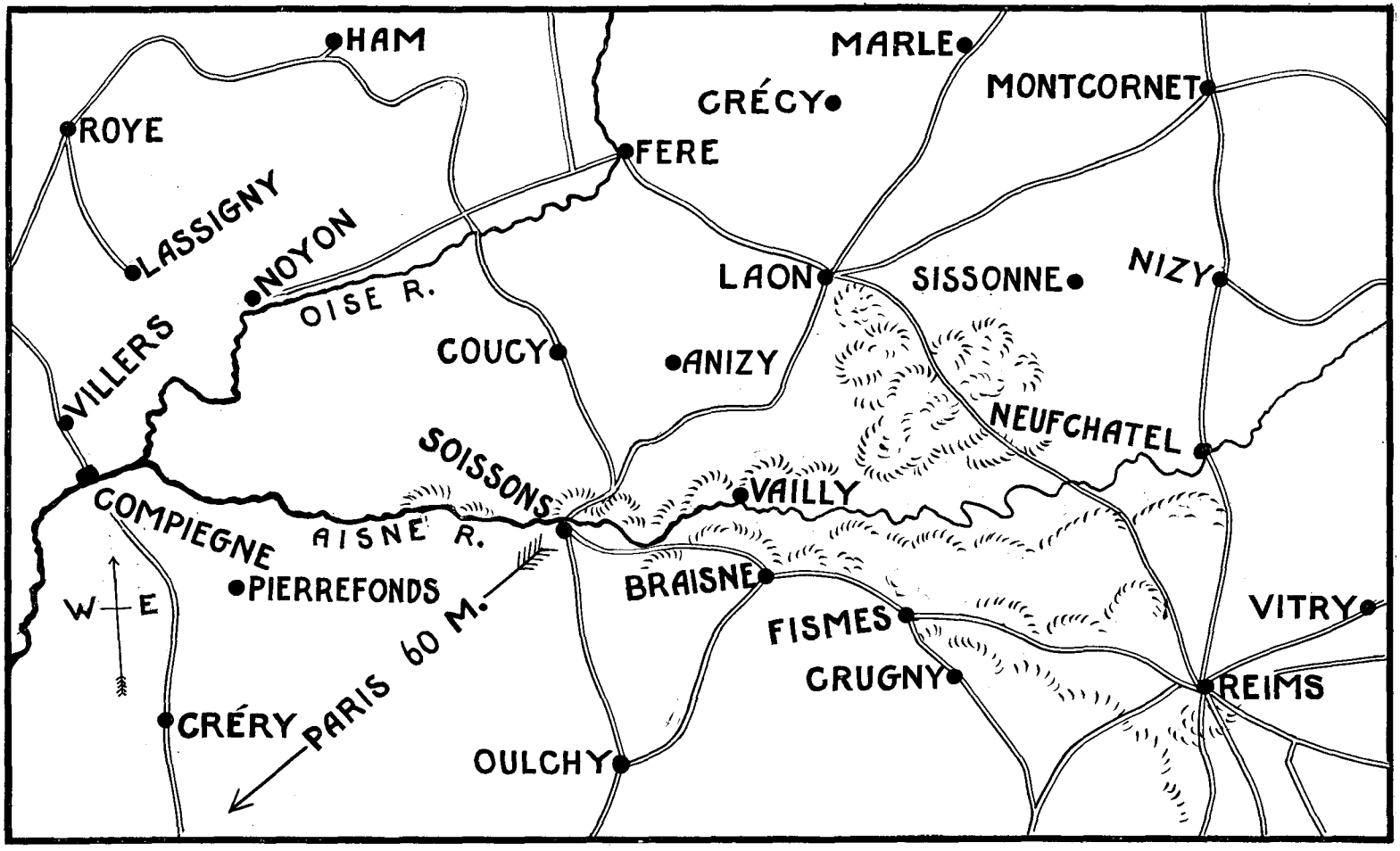

THE LATEST PHASE OF THE "BATTLE OF THE AISNE"

The recent feat of the Germans in driving the French from their positions along the north bank of the Aisne between Soissons and Vailly, forcing them to fall back into intrenchments near the Soissons-Braisne-Fismes highroad, is the most considerable triumph scored by the arms of the Kaiser since the capture of Lodz (in Russian Poland) in early December, and breaks the four months' deadlock in the Battle of the Aisne.

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of the other nations at war is also reported, and there is danger that cursory readers of the war despatches will get an exaggerated idea of the importance of this weapon in modern warfare.

The bayonet, lance, and saber, especially the first, are still far from obsolete. But there is little doubt that their prominence in this war is being exaggerated by writers with a *penchant* for the spectacular.

One of the great lessons which this great war has for military experts is that the importance of missiles, constantly growing since the invention of gunpowder, is still increasing. This war emphasizes the superiority of missile weapons (revolvers, rifles, hand grenades, and artillery) to what the French call *armes blanches* (swords, lances, and bayonets). In military parlance, the war illustrates the increasing moment of "fire" and the decreasing consequence of "shock action." And incidentally it points out the waxing value of infantry and artillery, and the waning significance of cavalry.

Infantry was not always considered the backbone of an army. Though the dismounted Roman legionaries with their truncated swords and the English archers with their bows of yew and cloth-yard shafts won undying fame for themselves, during the greater part of the Middle Ages, at least, the best men were nearly always mounted.

Gunpowder brought about the passing of the man on horseback and lessened the importance of the hand-to-hand encounter.

THE FIRST GUNS

The first firearms were unwieldy weapons weighing from twenty to sixty-five pounds, which were fired from forked rests. Although the Swiss used such arquebuses with good effect against Charles the Bold at Morat in 1476, the pike and spear continued to be the favorite weapons of foot soldiers for many years. The first muskets were an improvement on the arquebus, but even at that they were decidedly cumbersome—it is said that an old manual of arms prescribes ninety-four separate motions in loading these hand cannon.

The improvement in the construction of muskets, and particularly a rapid increase in their rate of fire, with the adaptation of the bayonet during the wars of Louis XIV, gradually forced the pike into desuetude. In 1600 there were about five pikemen to one arquebusier, but by 1680 there were usually more than five musketeers to one pikeman.

During their first days firearms were used only to weaken the enemy preparatory to the charge, the shock action, the hand-to-hand encounter—usually carried out by cavalry. But by the latter part of the seventeenth century the fire fight had become the crux of battle; the charge was only the climax, the final effort to reap the full fruits of the combat with missiles. The Battle of Fleurus marked the advent of infantry as the "backbone of an army" and the passing of the mounted soldier to a position of secondary importance.

With the growing importance of the fight by "fire" there came many changes in the method of maneuvering and aligning infantry. With the first muskets foot soldiers were drawn up in ranks six or eight deep, as the time required for the loading of a musket was equivalent to that required for firing six or eight volleys. When, in the early eighteenth century, it became possible to load and fire a musket three times in a minute, the leading European generals drew up their infantry three deep, one man loading while the other two were firing.

As the importance of infantry began to be recognized, commanders began to want more and more of it. In Turenne's army the proportion of infantry to cavalry was two to one, but Villars used five foot soldiers to one mounted man.

THE IMPORTANCE OF FIRE

Frederick the Great, at first a great believer in "cold steel," late in life laid down the maxim which has held good from Torgau to Mukden, and which was never truer than it is on the Aisne or the Vistula to-day.

"Battles are won by fire superiority," said the great Prussian leader. And a few years later a general even greater than he, Napoleon, declared:

"The invention of powder has changed the nature of war: missile weapons are now become the principal ones; it is by fire and not by shock that battles are decided to-day."

A further development of missile warfare came with the invention of the breech-loading rifle. Before our Civil War soldiers were armed with muzzle-loading muskets, which could be loaded only from a standing position. In the Seven Weeks' War of 1866 the Prussian infantry, with their breech-loading needle guns, were able to load and fire from a recumbent position, which enabled skirmishers to creep closer to the enemy than

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formerly before breaking into the charge. At the same time that it aided the offensive the invention of the breech-loader also strengthened the defensive and made the final charge in a frontal attack on intrenchments more hazardous than ever, for one man with a magazine rifle is worth half a dozen with muzzle-loaders.

THE DEVELOPMENT OF ARTILLERY

Artillery has kept pace with hand firearms, and has been equally potent in developing the importance of *fire superiority* in warfare. The ancients threw large rocks with the ballista, catapult, and springal, which were huge slings and crossbows, but the first examples of powder-using big guns are said to have been the clumsy bombards employed in the Battle of Crécy, in 1346, whose main use was to frighten horses. Francis I of France and Charles V of Germany and Spain made good use of the culverin, a kind of clumsy field-piece; Gustavus Adolphus saw the importance of light and mobile field artillery; Frederick the Great learned the value of big howitzers; but artillery really came into its own under Napoleon. He was one of the first to appreciate the importance of artillery as an aid to infantry, and again and again in his battles the foot soldiers of the Emperor clove the massed infantry of the enemy through gaps torn by case shot or ricocheting cannon balls.

Since Napoleon's dictum a hundred years ago that "battles are decided by fire and not by shock action," the importance of fire has increased owing to the improvements made in firearms since the day of the Little Corporal. Rifles won the Civil War; rifles and artillery, supported by cold steel at the last, won the laurels for Japan in Manchuria. Indeed, the rôle of the bayonet should not be overlooked—it is to come in at the last with the *coup de grâce*—but steel and good blows will never again determine history as they did in the days of Richard of the Lion Heart and Charles Martel, "the Hammer."

As Commandant J. Colin, of the French War School, points out in "France and the Next War:" "Predisposition for shock action and contempt for the fire fight is a deadly tendency in all armies; it harmed the French in Spain in the days of the First Empire, the Austrians in 1866, the Russians in the attack on Plevna, the British in the Transvaal War, and the Russians again in Manchuria."

"COLD STEEL" VS. "POWDER AND SHOT"

The Germans, who are right in most matters of military technique, are right again when they say in their official Infantry Regulations:

"The offensive consists in bringing the fire nearer and nearer to the enemy right up to the shortest ranges. The bayonet attack confirms the victory gained over the enemy."

Frequently, however, an assault is won or lost before the attackers reach the trenches of the defenders; and, in any case, even at close quarters, is not a reserved clip of cartridges worth more than a bayonet? In the Spanish-American War dismounted United States cavalry assaulted and carried Spanish trenches without bayonets; the Boers in South Africa preferred firing at close quarters to using the weapons that stab and slash; and in two months with the armies of Villa and Carranza in Mexico I never saw a bayonet and never saw or heard of a situation that demanded one, although close fighting was common. "Cold steel" still has its uses; but they are not so frequent, so decisive, or so fearful as the uses of "powder and shot."

New York City, January 20, 1915.

II—THE CZAR AND THE JEWS

BY GEORGE KENNAN

WHEN Germany declared war against Russia, and the so-called "alien" nationalities of the Empire united with the "true Russians" in support of the Czar and his Government, it was confidently believed by everybody that the Jews in particular would receive some reward for their loyalty, or at least some recognition of their patriotic devotion to the state. It did not seem reasonable to suppose that when they contributed liberally to war funds, volunteered for military service, prayed for the Czar in their synagogues, and fought for him in the field, they would not be relieved from some of their disabilities, even if they were not granted all the rights of Russian citizenship.

This general belief that something would be done for the Jews was strengthened by the change in the Czar's attitude toward the

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Poles. They too had been persecuted and oppressed, but to them was given the promise of a brighter future. To the Poles the Grand Duke Nicholas said:

"The hour has come for the realization of your fathers' and your grandfathers' dreams. Russia meets you with an open heart and with the outstretched hand of a brother. Under the scepter of the Russian Czar, Poland, with freedom of religion, language, and local administration, shall be reborn." [1]

The Jews, in the hour of national peril, had shown at least as much courage, patriotism, and devotion as the Poles. Was it not likely, then, that to them too would be extended "the hand of a brother," and that for them also there might be a "realization" of ancestral "dreams"? So confident were Russians generally that concessions to the Jews were impending that even the leaders of the anti-Semitic movement hastened to get into the path which they felt sure the Czar would follow.

Governor Dumbadze, in whose province the Czar's Crimean winter palace is situated, had always been a fanatical Jew-hater, and had banished from the territory under his jurisdiction even the Jewish soldiers of a Russian regiment stationed there. When, however, it seemed likely that the Czar would show the Jews favor, General Dumbadze immediately changed front, and not only attended services in the synagogue of Alushta, where he happened at the time to be, but assured the Jews that he "desired their happiness; that he hoped they would come to him with all their needs, and that he would try hard to meet them half-way." [2]

Advocate Shmakof, who was one of the most bitter and unrelenting prosecutors of the Jew Beilis in the Kiev "ritual murder" trial, soon followed General Dumbadze's example, and declared that racial hatred and the persecution of "aliens" in Russia were "things of the past." [3]

General Rennenkampf, before he went to the front, attended service in a Jewish synagogue; and even such representatives of the "Black Hundreds" as Purishkevitch, Orlof, and Markof 2d deprecated the further continuance of racial discord, and declared that all parties and nationalities should "get together and shake hands." [4]

[1] Proclamation of the Grand Duke Nicholas to the Poles. ("Vestnik Evropa," September, 1914.)
[2] "Russkoe Bogatstvo," Petrograd, September, 1914.
[3] "Bourse Gazette," Petrograd, August 24, 1914.
[4] "Russkiya Vedomosti" and "Novoe Vremya," August 2, 1914.

It soon became apparent, however, that these advocates of peace and good will had turned their coats too hastily. Thinking that the Czar must necessarily show some favor to the nationality that had given him such proofs of loyalty and patriotism, they quickly adjusted themselves to the expected change in his Jewish policy. But in assuming that the Czar would "let up" on the Jews merely because they were ready to fight for him against the Germans, the turncoats were giving him credit for more liberality, generosity, and gratitude than he proved to have. When Jews began to come to him with symbols of good will and assurances of loyalty, as they did in Petrograd, Grodno, Lublin, and other Russian towns, he might very naturally have said to them:

"The storm of war is causing more suffering to you than to Russians generally because most of your people live near the German frontier. Poland and the western provinces of the Pale are now the scene of conflict, and tens of thousands of Jews are being driven, in a destitute condition, from their homes. In view of this fact and of the patriotic loyalty that you have shown, I shall devote particular attention to your needs, and shall change or modify as far as possible the laws and administrative regulations that bear most heavily upon your race."

He might even have added, nearly in the words of William II, "I no longer know parties or races; I know only Russians."

Instead of doing this, however, Nicholas II restricted himself to the briefest and most perfunctory expression of thanks. Never in a single case did he meet the Jews with sympathy or hold out to them the promise of a brighter future. All that he ever said was "Thanks!" and in one instance, "I never doubted the loyalty of the Jews." [1]

The people of Corsica are accustomed to say, "Vengeance is a dish that we eat cold." Anti-Semitism is a dish that the Czar eats cold. The Jews might pray for him in their synagogues or fight for him in Austria, but he would not give them the least reason to suppose that his hostility toward them had diminished.

The significance of the coldness and reticence with which the Czar received the Jewish deputations was first noticed by such monarchical and nationalistic journals as the "Russian Standard," the "Voice of Russia," and the "Zemshchina." Taking his attitude

[1] Petrograd "Reitch," November 8 and 29, 1914.

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as a guide—or, as we should colloquially say, a "pointer"—these papers soon resumed the anti-Jewish agitation which they had temporarily suspended. Then all of the bureaucratic officials, from the Minister of Public Instruction and the provincial governors to the chiefs of police and the censors, took their cue from the monarchical press and "the spheres," [1] and proceeded to enforce the laws relating to the Jews with even more than ante-bellum strictness and severity. Take, for example, the field of education.

Inasmuch as many young Russian students volunteered for military service, leaving vacancies in the universities, it might reasonably be supposed that the Government would allow these vacancies to be filled, at least in exceptional cases, by Jewish applicants for admission, even though the Jewish quota (three per cent) might already be full. The Minister of Public Instruction, however, would not listen to such a suggestion. In the early part of October, 1914, the Governing Council of the Petrograd University asked the Minister to sanction the admission to that institution of twenty-five young Jews, who had been graduated with gold medals from the gymnasia of Petrograd and Wilna, but who had failed to get into the University for the reason that they had not drawn lucky numbers in the admission lottery. The petition was denied on the ground that the Czar, in 1908, ordered strict observance of the rules relating to the admission of Jews. The Council then asked the Minister to sanction the admission of eighteen fully qualified Russian Jews who had been forced out of German and Austrian universities by the war. This petition was also denied, and for the same reason.[2]

In November the City Council of Mariupol begged the Minister of Public Instruction to allow the children of Jewish soldiers who had gone to the war to enter the Mariupol public schools. The petition was denied, as were many more from other Russian towns.[3]

Late in August, 1914, a Jewish surgeon living in Smolensk sent to Mr. Kasso, the Minister of Public Instruction, the following telegram:

"My son has passed the entrance examination for the first class of the Smolensk Government Gymnasium, and my daughter has passed a similar examination for the first class of the Mariisk Women's Gymnasium. I served through the Russo-Japanese campaign in Manchuria, and was decorated by Imperial order with the Cross of St. Stanislaus and the Cross of St. Anne with Swords. For the last three years I have been serving, without pay, as physician of the Third Smolensk High School. I beg that my children may be admitted to the gymnasia without the drawing of lots and without reference to the norm" (the Jewish quota).

The surgeon received the following reply: "Your petition for admission to schools without the drawing of lots and without reference to the norm is denied." [1]

From this correspondence it appears that a Jew may serve his country faithfully through a bloody and disastrous war; may receive two crosses of honor for gallantry on the field of battle; may act for three years without pay as physician of a Government high school; and may then be forced to go to another war, leaving his children at home without a chance even of secondary education.

In almost every other field of Russian social life the treatment of the Jews since the war began has been equally harsh, cruel, and barbarous. Late in November, 1914, the Minister of Justice, Mr. Shcheglovitof, refused to confirm the election of twenty-four Jewish lawyers as members of the Petrograd Bar Association. They were duly qualified and the Association wanted them; but the Minister vetoed their election on racial and religious grounds.[2]

If Jews are worthy of acceptance as soldiers—and even a Jew-hating Czar does not disdain their help—their sisters would seem to be worthy of acceptance as hospital nurses; but governors of provinces and officials of the Red Cross do not allow them to serve, even when they have been chosen by the Union of Russian Zemstvos for its own war hospitals.[3] But admittance to some of these hospitals is denied even to wounded Jewish soldiers brought back from the front. Drs. Kucherof and Pustnykof refused to take them into the hospital at Taganrog, and a protest against such action was made to the Medical Society of the Don.[4]

[1] Without the sanction of the Minister of Imperial Palaces no public reference may be made in Russia to the views or purposes of the ruling monarch. It is customary, therefore, to speak of the Czar and his counselors as "the spheres"—that is, the spheres of supreme influence or power.
[2] Petrograd "Reitch," October 23, 1914.
[3] Petrograd "Reitch," November 27, 1914.

[1] "Russkoe Bogatstvo," Petrograd, September, 1914.
[2] Petrograd "Reitch," November 30, 1914.
[3] "Russkoe Bogatstvo," September, 1914, and Petrograd "Reitch," November 7, 1914.
[4] "Mysl," December 13, 1914.

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The regulations of the Government with regard to residence outside the Pale of Settlement are enforced against the Jews now almost as strictly as they were a year ago. From Petrograd, Kursk, and many other Russian towns Jews are being expelled just as they were in 1913. The civil authorities of late years have been giving to certain privileged Jews permits to reside anywhere in the Empire, but have not included in such permits personal descriptions of the bearers. The lack of such descriptions—for which the authorities themselves are responsible—is now made the ground for sending such Jews back to the Pale of Settlement.[1] The fact that the Pale has been ravaged and desolated by war makes no difference. If a Jew belongs in the Pale, to the Pale he must go, no matter whether he can live and support himself there or not.

A few weeks ago a Jewish woman whose husband had been summoned for military service and who had been left without any means of support begged permission to live in a town outside the Pale, where she had relatives who would be glad to take care of her; but permission was denied. Under the Czar's regulations she had no right of residence in the town where her relatives lived, so she must stay, and perhaps starve to death in the Pale.[2]

In July, 1914, a young Russian Jew was studying electric engineering in Switzerland. When the war broke out, it was not easy for him to get back to Russia, so he went to Paris, enlisted in the French army, and was assigned to the electrical corps in the field. A month or six weeks later he was so severely wounded as to be incapacitated for further duty. When he was discharged from the hospital, the French authorities, in recognition of his meritorious service, gave him four hundred francs for traveling expenses, and he returned, by way of Sweden and Finland, to Russia. As soon as he reached Petrograd he was ordered out of the city because, as a Jew, he had no right of residence there. He showed his wound, explained that he had been fighting with the French, and was finally allowed to remain two weeks. At the end of that term he went to the authorities and asked for the traveling expense allowance which was made at that time to destitute Russian refugees driven out of Germany and Austria by the war. The authorities informed him that his application was too late; it should have been made as soon as he arrived. He had been living in Petrograd two weeks, and, as he had thus become a resident, he must get back to the Pale of Settlement, where he belonged, as best he could. Whether he ever did get back or not I don't know. This is all of his story that is given in the "Novoe Vremya." Even that anti-Semitic journal was shocked by it, and published it under the headline, "IS THIS JUST?"

I have space only for one more illustration of the Czar's attitude toward loyal Jews who have prayed for him, fought for him, and died for him.

On the 19th of last October the Petrograd "Reitch" published the obituary notice which is given in facsimile on the next page. The blank spaces show excisions made by the censor after the plates had been cast for the press.

The notice reads:

"News has reached Petrograd that the young" (censor's excision) "Eugene R. Shpitzberg has perished in the field of military operations. The deceased was twenty-four years of age. He was born in one of the towns of the Baltic provinces, and after his graduation from one of the privileged schools in Petrograd he went to France."

(Censor's excision.)

"Toward the end of April, this year, E. R. Shpitzberg returned to Petrograd."

(Censor's excision.)

"Afterward the deceased visited Riga and other towns in the Baltic provinces."

(Censor's excision.)

"About the middle of July, E. R. Shpitzberg made preparations to go to the United States of America."

(All the remainder of the notice cut out.)

I regret my inability to fill up all of the blanks in this extraordinary obituary notice; but I can partly fill some of them. Eugene Shpitzberg, as his name shows, was a Jew. Finding it impossible to get higher education at home, on account of the Czar's university regulations and Mr. Kasso's lottery-admission device, he went to Paris. There he became interested in aviation and learned to fly. In April last he returned to Russia, and visited his birthplace in one of the Baltic provinces. His conduct in Petrograd and at his home was evidently regarded with disapproval by the censor, but why I do not know. Perhaps he saved somebody's life in the Baltic

[1] Petrograd "Reitch," October 29, November 26 and 29; and "Russkiya Vedomosti," November 30.
[2] Petrograd "Reitch," November 29, and "Russkiya Vedomosti," of Moscow, November 30, 1914.

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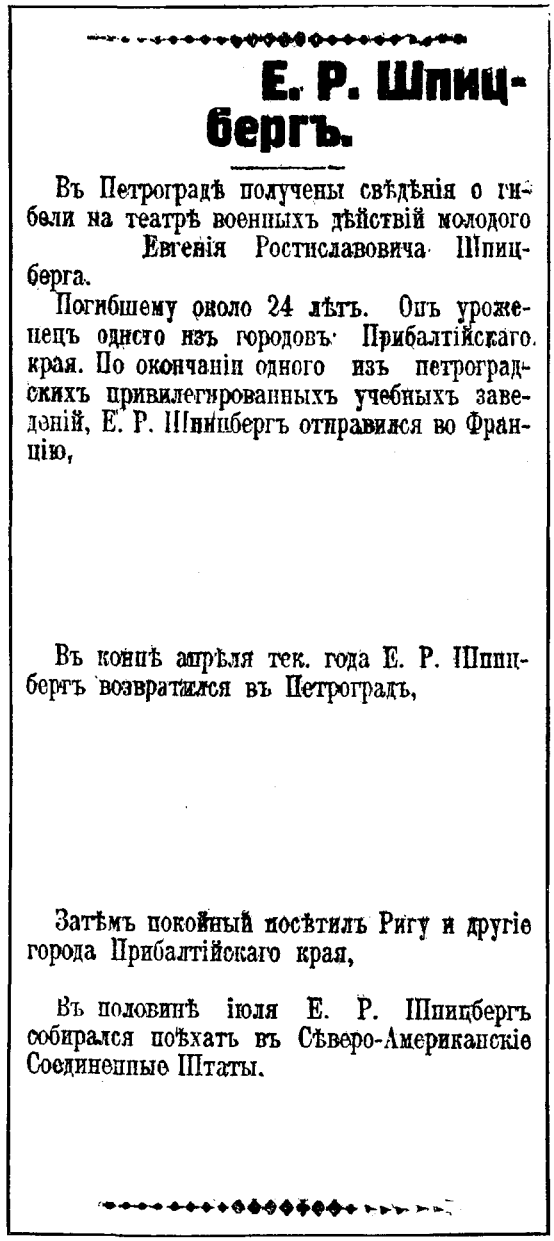

Е. Р. Шпицбергъ.

Въ Петроградѣ получены свѣдѣнія о гибели на театрѣ военныхъ дѣйствій молодого Евгенія Ростиславовича Шпицберга.

Погибшему около 24 лѣтъ. Онъ уроженецъ одного изъ городовъ Прибалтійскаго края. По окончаніи одного изъ петроградскихъ привилегированныхъ учебныхъ заведеній, Е. Р. Шпицбергъ отправился во Францію,

Въ концѣ апрѣля тек. года Е. Р. Шпицбергъ возвратился въ Петроградъ,

Затѣмъ покойный посѣтилъ Ригу и другіе города Прибалтійскаго края,

Въ половинѣ іюля Е. Р. Шпицбергъ собирался поѣхать въ Сѣверо-Американскіе Соединенные Штаты.

A CENSORED RUSSIAN OBITUARY
(See preceding page)

provinces, and was given a reception by the Petrograd Aviation Society. Such incidents would be creditable to a Jew, and of course the censor would cut them out. In July he decided to go to the United States of America—for the reason, perhaps, that we have no Czar here to regulate Jews. Before he could carry this intention into effect, however, the war broke out and he volunteered for military service. The censor would not allow the "Reitch" to explain just how he "perished in the field of military operations;" but I happen to know, from another source, that he was killed in an aeroplane while making a military reconnaissance near Sandomir, on the frontier of Austria. ("Annals of the War," Petrograd, No. 10, November 7, 1914.) The censor of the "Reitch" would not permit this fact to be stated.

What kind of a heart can it be that excludes wounded Jewish soldiers from hospitals; rejects the services of Jewish nurses and sisters of mercy; drives into the Pale disabled Jews who have been fighting for Russia in France; excludes from the public schools the children of army surgeons who wear two crosses of honor for gallantry on the field of battle; and finally denies to a dead Jewish aviator even the poor boon of a friendly death notice in the newspapers of the country for which he has given his life? It is the heart of the Czar, reflected in the minds of stupid but subservient officials.

The oligarchy that governs Russia would like to have the world believe that the ill treatment of the Jews in that country is due to invincible popular prejudice and hatred. But it is not the people who are to blame. The real persecutors are the Czar, the Jew-hating dignitaries of "the spheres," and the cohorts of the "Black Hundreds" whom they employ in the organization of anti-Jewish *pogroms*.

So far as the Czar, personally, is concerned, he has received from the Russian Jews since the war began as loyal and faithful service as any ruler could desire. In treating them, or allowing them to be treated, as he has, he seems to have shown the blackest ingratitude of which an autocratic monarch can be guilty.

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POLITICAL REFUGEES AND THE IMMIGRATION BILL

The Immigration Bill now before the President has met with criticism not only because of the literacy test, but because it threatens the established principle that political refugees should be allowed a refuge in this country. The following letter to the President, written by Mr. George Kennan, sets forth the second objection so clearly and forcibly as to need no comment or enforcement.—THE EDITORS.

New York, January 13, 1915.

To the President of the United States, Washington, D. C.

Mr. President:

As one who has had an almost lifelong acquaintance with Russia and Russian affairs, I venture to offer a few objections to the pending Immigration Bill, based on the right of asylum for political refugees. The literacy test is unsatisfactory for many reasons, but perhaps it has had sufficient discussion and consideration. The objection based on the application of the bill to political refugees has not been adequately considered or discussed—at least in the press.

1. Every great war in which Russia has been engaged since the beginning of the last century has been followed either by a revolutionary movement or by liberal reforms based on the fear of such a movement. There is no reason to suppose that the present war will be an exception. If the Russian Government continues to pursue its present policy, there is likely to be at the end of the war a revolutionary outbreak comparable with that of 1905–6, and perhaps even more violent. It will inevitably be accompanied by attacks on troops and officials and by the destruction of property. If it be suppressed, if the autocracy succeeds in maintaining itself, many of the defeated revolutionists will certainly seek asylum in the United States. These men—fighters for liberty as truly as our Revolutionary ancestors were, and with much greater provocation in the form of oppression—will be desirable immigrants for us, but will probably be excluded and sent back to death or penal servitude in Russia under the provisions of the present bill.

2. Section 3 provides that "the following classes of aliens shall be excluded from admission into the United States: . . . Persons who are members of or affiliated with any organization, . . . teaching disbelief in or opposition to organized government, or who advocate or teach the duty, necessity, or propriety of the unlawful assaulting or killing of any officer or officers, . . . of any . . . organized government, . . . or who advocate or teach the unlawful destruction of property."

Suppose that, after an unsuccessful attempt to overthrow the Russian despotism in which there has been fighting on a great scale (as there was in 1905–6), a defeated revolutionist seeks asylum in the United States, and suppose that, when asked by a Commissioner of Immigration the following questions, he makes the following replies:

Q. Did you belong to any society in Russia?
A. I did.
Q. What was it?
A. The Social Revolutionary party.
Q. Did that party teach the duty, necessity, or propriety of unlawfully assaulting or killing officers of the Government or of unlawfully destroying property?
A. It did. It maintained the right of the people to overthrow a despotic government by force; and killing of the officers and destruction of the property of such government are necessarily incidental to the revolution and to the armed conflict that accompanies it.

If such questions are asked and such answers are given (as they must be), is it not the duty of the Commissioners of Immigration, under the provisions of the pending bill, to send the revolutionist back to Russia?

It may be said that the exclusion clause in Section 3 (repeated in Section 12) is not aimed at revolutionists. That may be true; but in the absence of any explanatory or qualifying words may it not be—indeed, must it not be—applied to every person who assaults or kills officers or destroys property of the organized Russian Government? No exception is made of revolutionists, nor is any authority given for inquiry into circumstances or motives; the words are mandatory, and if a Russian immigrant admits that the society to which he belongs contemplates the killing of

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Government officers or the destruction of Government property, the Commissioners of Immigration certainly may, and probably must, send him back to Russia, regardless of the fact that the killing and destruction contemplated are inevitably associated with every attempt to throw off by force an oppressive governmental yoke.

Suppose that our own uprising in 1773–6 had been unsuccessful, and that our Revolutionary forefathers who killed British officers in fight and destroyed tea in Boston Harbor had sought asylum, say, in Germany. They would certainly have been excluded if Germany had had such an immigration law as it is proposed to enact here.

3. It is not impossible that this right of asylum for political offenders may arise in connection with immigrants from other countries than Russia. At the end of the present war there may be revolutionary movements in a number of European countries—even in Germany. Are we to exclude all revolutionists who in attempting to get freedom by force of arms have killed government officials or destroyed government property? If not, we should modify Sections 3 and 12 of the Immigration Bill so as to make an exception of killing and destruction done in the course of a violent revolutionary movement.

4. Section 17 of the pending bill is also highly objectionable for two other reasons:

(*a*) It directs (page 37, line 13) that "all hearings before such boards" (boards of special inquiry who examine immigrants) "shall be separate and apart from the public;" and

(*b*) It provides (page 37, line 24) that the "decision" (on an appeal to the Commissioner of Labor) "shall be rendered solely upon the evidence adduced before the board of special inquiry."

The first examination is secret, and the immigrant (who may be inexperienced or ignorant of his rights) is not allowed to have counsel. At the hearing on appeal he may wish, upon instruction from his counsel, to introduce new evidence, but the bill expressly forbids him to do so.

Both of these restrictions seem to me unjust. Scores of revolutionists may thus be sent back to death or penal servitude in Russia without publicity and without a fair and open hearing. We condemn the Russian Government for trying political offenders without a jury and in closed courts. I trust that we shall not enact a law by virtue of which they may be tried in the same way here.

5. "But," it may be said, "Section 3 contains a proviso that 'nothing in this act shall exclude, if otherwise admissible, persons convicted of an offense purely political, not involving moral turpitude.'"

This proviso seems to me to afford little if any protection to political refugees. It does not authorize the admission of *all* political offenders, but only of those whose political offense does not involve "moral turpitude." How can an immigration commissioner who knows little or nothing of Russian conditions determine whether a particular act of revolutionary violence involves "moral turpitude" or not? Russian politicals forge Government documents (in the shape of passports); seize Government money (in order to finance their revolutionary undertakings); and kill Government soldiers who attack them in *pogroms*. Do forgery, robbery, and killing in these cases involve "moral turpitude"? Or are they merely the necessary and inevitable concomitants of a revolutionary uprising?

6. It should not be assumed that because a man has resorted to these methods in Russia he would also resort to them in America. The Russian Government and environment are very different from ours; and the Russian revolutionist who is fighting for our kind of freedom is not at all likely to attack that very same freedom when, as a resident of the United States, he finally gets it. I have personally known Russian men and women who were guilty of all the offenses above described; but my respect for them is so high that I would admit them, not only to my country, but to my own family, and to intimate association with my wife and sisters. By the average immigration commissioner, however, they would probably be excluded. He would say to such an immigrant:

"You have been guilty of forgery, robbery, and homicide. These may be political offenses, but they are not '*purely* political,' and they certainly involve 'moral turpitude.' You cannot be admitted."

The commissioner is the more likely to do this when he is aware that his decision will not come to the knowledge of the American people, nor be commented on in the American press; because his examination of the immigrant is, by law, "separate and apart from the public."

In considering this bill with reference par-

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ticularly to the literacy test, I venture respectfully to express the hope, Mr. President, that you will also consider the bearing of Sections 3, 12, and 17 on the cases of Russian revolutionists seeking asylum in the United States as political refugees. If the bill becomes a law as it stands, it will be more effective than the existing extradition treaty in enabling the Russian Government to lay its hands on so-called "traitors" who have come to us for protection from tyranny.

I have the honor to be, with sincere respect,

Faithfully yours,

(signed) GEORGE KENNAN.

THE CENTENARY OF THE BATTLE OF NEW ORLEANS

BY GRACE KING

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT OF THE OUTLOOK

TO the Louisiana Historical Society was intrusted the charge of preparing such a celebration as would be deemed fitting to commemorate the centennial of the Battle of New Orleans and the hundred years of peace that followed it. That the hundred years of peace rather than the victory occupied the place of honor in the ceremonial is not surprising, nor the instinctive turning away of hearts from any glorification of victory over the English at the present time. Peace was the *leitmotif* that held together the programme of a noble popular festival, unique in character, lovely in form, and inspiring as an example. It was happily decided by the Historical Society that the celebration should reproduce the reception of General Jackson by the city after the battle, one of the pretty pages in the chronicles of that time.

The invitations sent out to the other States of the Union were answered very much as the appeal to arm for the defense of Louisiana was in 1815; Mississippi, Kentucky, and Tennessee responding with the impulsive alacrity that had sent them to the forefront of the fighting then, and Kentuckians, Tennesseans, and Mississippians being given the same hearty welcome they received when their gallant troops came marching into the city behind Coffee, Carroll, and Hinds. Canada, with high-bred cordiality, sent a delegation of distinguished men, who with their wives were spontaneously accorded precedence in all functions. They brought with them an evergreen wreath, which on the morning of the 8th they hung on Jackson's monument. From England came a gracious acknowledgment through the resident Consul, who for the occasion was vested with title and authority to bear a personal message from his Majesty the King. Our Government contributed a war-ship, the Rhode Island, for the river parade, and reinforced the State militia with a battalion of regulars, among them the famous Seventh Regiment, always remembered in New Orleans for their gallant conduct in the battle.

President Wilson sent his excuses, having preferred to accept an invitation to make an 8th of January speech in Indianapolis; but his representative, the Assistant Secretary of the Treasury, and his wife, with diplomatic intelligence and tact, changed the general sentiment of hurt pride and disappointment into one of gratification and pleasure. British and American flags waved from every coign of flag vantage in the principal streets during the day. At night colored lights replaced them.

The gala opened, as it should have done, on the historic field of Chalmette. As on what is called in New Orleans the original 8th of January, the field during the hour of the battle was covered by a fog, which later, under the bright rays of a tardy sun, rose to reveal, not a bloody battle-ground strewn with dead and dying, but the pleasure field of a gay throng; of men, women, and children, and parading soldiery; a grand stand filled with orators and distinguished guests; a massed group of public school children waving flags, and bursting with pride and the patriotic songs they had been learning for weeks past. Towering above all, white and shining in the sunlight, pointing to the blue heaven, the great monument stood serene and majestic. Thanks to the devoted efforts

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of the Daughters of 1812, it is completed at last after its many inglorious years of neglect.

The speeches over, the gold medals presented by the President of the Historical Society to be forwarded to President Wilson and to King George of Great Britain—(facsimiles of the original medal struck to commemorate the Treaty of Ghent)—there followed the unveiling of a tablet commemorative of the day, and then, while the guns saluted and the glad children sang their well-learned "God Save the King" and "The Star-Spangled Banner," the United States flag of 1815 and the British flag arose from opposite sides of the noble monument, ascended to the pinnacle, mingled their colors a second, and then spread their folds gloriously in the sun. The shouts of the vast throng saluted them, guns pealed, music sounded. This in all hearts was the climax of the day. It was a moment worth living through, one not to be forgotten. This, then, was the victory of the Battle of New Orleans.

It has been a hallowed custom of the ladies of the Ursuline Convent to sing a "Te Deum" on the anniversary of the Battle of New Orleans, to the victory of which, in the popular estimation at the time, they contributed by their prayers during the conflict. It was therefore meet and proper that from the celebration on the battlefield the concourse of guests and the Society should repair to the chapel of the Ursulines and there participate in this pious ceremony—the gentle sisters afterwards offering refreshments.

With the utmost curtailment the Society could effect, the programme filled three days, short entertainments seeming to be impossible to New Orleansians.

On the 9th the Historical Society gave an official reception to the Governor of the State, to the Justices of the Supreme Court, and to the distinguished guests from afar. The old Sala Capitular of the Spanish Dominion lends itself with Spanish dignity to stately functions, and this one was even for it a worthy occasion. The musical programme covered the history of the State. The French and Spanish national hymns followed in historical sequence, and then, sung by one of New Orleans's favored artists, the impassioned words of the "Marseillaise" thrilled the sensitive hearts of the audience. "God Save the King" and the American national hymn followed, arising from all hearts close together. There could be no more auspicious day for the carrying out of a long-cherished design by the Historical Society: the formal opening of the new branch of the Museum by the Governor of Louisiana in an annex of the Cabildo, the old Spanish arsenal, rescued from dilapidation, repaired, swept, and garnished, and made fit to serve as a repository for military relics—the archives in iron of Louisiana history—and henceforth to be known as the Battle Abbey. (The sacred relics of the Confederate War have a memorial home of their own.) Here are housed cannon brought into the colony by the French, among them an old cannon once used by Bienville; Spanish cannon with high-flown mottoes and proud insignia; guns sent by Napoleon and bearing his initial; swords, rifles, pistols, and the poniards used so freely during the first stormy years of the American administration; swords and guns from the Battle of New Orleans; and a rare collection of Jackson portraits and relics loaned for the occasion.

With their characteristic courtesy and charm, the Colonial Dames of Louisiana served refreshments in the handsome rooms accorded them by the Historical Society in the old building. And here, with talk, presentations, exchange of compliments, and all the gay excitement of a society gathering, even the war in Europe was forgotten—even the Battle of New Orleans was forgotten.

And now on the programme came a quaint mediæval interlude—the placing of a tablet on the old Ursuline Convent in Chartres Street. The inscription on the tablet gives the sentiment and the history of it:

"Here in the oldest landmark building of New Orleans was the Ursulines' first home in Louisiana Province. It is also the oldest religious building still in use in the United States. It was begun in 1727 and completed in 1734, having been established by Louis XV for the education of young ladies in Louisiana. Here for ninety years the Ursulines conducted a school with fidelity, zeal, and unfaltering devotion to the lofty ideals of their mission, whilst round about them were enacted all those momentous episodes in the history of the Province: the transfer of the colony from France to Spain; the revolt of the Louisiana patriots, their tragic execution in the barrack yard adjoining the convent, whose chapel reverberated with the shots that flashed out their immortal souls from this life, yet no more swiftly than the Sisters winged heavenward prayers for the dying and

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their desolate wives and families; the passing of the colony under Spain's actual control, which was followed once more by the sovereignty of Napoleon's France, this by the permanent cession to the United States through President Jefferson's Louisiana Purchase. The same Convent windows witnessed the flagstaff drama, yonder in the French Place d'Armes, where first the royal Lilies of France were lowered as the flag of Spain arose, which gave way in turn to the tricolor, almost immediately to yield before the American Stars and Stripes in 1803. When threatened by the British invasion, consequent on the War of 1812, the Sisters kept vigil in their chapel all night before the Battle of New Orleans, imploring the divine favor in behalf of American victory; after that battle they threw open their doors to receive the wounded, whom they nursed and cared for. General Jackson, entering the city in triumph after the defeat of the enemy, halted before this gate to pay his respects to the Mother Superior and the Community Sisters, thanking them in person for their intercessions for him and his army. In 1824 the Ursulines removed to a new convent below the city; in 1831, when New Orleans became the State capital, their building was loaned to accommodate the Legislature in session. Which tablet has been erected by the Louisiana Historical Society on this Centennial anniversary, January 8, 1915, of the Battle of New Orleans, January 8, 1815."

The venerable building is now occupied by the Italian Sisters of the Sacred Heart, who maintain in it a mission school for Italian children. Together they prepared the charming surprise of the programme. A beautiful altar twinkling with candles and bright with flowers was erected between the portals of the edifice. In front of this were posed a line of "angels," beautiful little girls dressed in white, wearing white wreaths. They held in their little hands a white dove of peace and the emblems of religion woven in natural flowers. In the center of the "angels" stood an "archangel," a little boy costumed in white satin, bearing a bright sword of peace. A conventional but youthful "Uncle Sam" stood to one side holding an American flag. As the children of the school sang "God Save the King" and "The Star-Spangled Banner" (pronouncing the words with difficulty) the little angel solemnly laid her dove on the altar; the little archangel, kneeling, placed his sword before it; Uncle Sam, with stately tread, advanced and gave his flag into the hand of the Governor of Louisiana, seated in front of the line of spectators. It was a naïve performance of rare and touching beauty, and of a significance that called tears to the eyes. A Newcomb College alumna, in her cap and gown, with the graceful bearing and well-chosen words of a finished collegian, presented a laurel wreath tied with the Newcomb College colors, as a tribute from the newest to the oldest girls' college in the State.

The formal banquet tendered by the Historical Society to its distinguished guests took place in its due order on the night of the 9th, in a handsome hall hung with English and American flags; a function carried out with good taste, and with what may well be called a largess of good fare, good music, and good speeches from the Governor of Louisiana, from the Mayor of New Orleans, from Mr. Oscar Straus, from the representative of the army and of the navy, from the representative of the President of the United States, and from the representative of King George, each toast followed by National and patriotic songs, sung by the guests, standing. It was meant to be, and is so considered, the most brilliant banquet ever given in a city that has no mean reputation for banquets.

The last number of the programme was the most beautiful of all—a pageant showing the reception of General Jackson in the public square in front of the Cathedral. There are innumerable descriptions of the original reception in contemporary literature, for it was a tempting subject to the pen of the time. The description of it then is the description of the ceremonial on the 10th, so faithfully was it reproduced:

"In the Place d'Armes arose a great triumphal arch festooned with evergreens and flowers, its entrance guarded by Liberty and Justice. Beside them, posed on pedestals, two 'cherubs' held outstretched a laurel wreath. From the arch to the Cathedral stood facing each other the States and Territories, the loveliest young ladies of the city, dressed in white, with blue veils fastened by silver stars on their brows, each one holding in one hand a basket tied with blue ribbon, filled with flowers, in the other a banner emblazoned with her National title. Behind each a lance stuck in the ground bore a shield with the motto of the State that she represented. . . .

"As the Cathedral clock strikes the hour

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and General Jackson, followed by his staff, appears at the river gate of the Square, salvos of artillery, bursts of music, wild huzzas, greet him. He mounts the step of the triumphal arch. At the entrance the cherubs place the laurel wreath upon his head. Passing on, he is met by 'Louisiana' in her youth, beauty, and Creole charm; she recites a speech as glowing as herself with gratitude and emotion, to which the General replies. As he proceeds, the States and Territories shower their flowers through the air and the ground blossoms at his feet. At the Cathedral door stands the Abbé Dubourg [represented in the festival by Monseigneur Laval] in full pontificals. He also addresses a speech to Jackson, to which Jackson replies [as he did in our pageant]. He is then led through the crowded church before the brilliant high altar." The Seventh Regiment marched in behind him, their splendid band playing "Onward, Christian Soldiers." They stood during the service in the central aisle. The pontifical mass, the "Te Deum," the inspiring sermon that followed, elevated the mimic performance into a reality majestic and solemn, and dismissed the celebration with a benediction. And then, and not till then, did the weather fail. Rain set in at the end of the Cathedral service, spoiling the prepared grand finale of a military and civic parade; but perhaps the end of the pageant was better so.

ITALY AND THE WAR

BY FELICE FERRERO

The author of this article is the brother of Guglielmo Ferrero, the famous Italian historian, author of "The Greatness and Decline of Rome" and other works. Signor Felice Ferrero has been connected with the "Corriere della Sera," of Milan, for the past eleven years, and as its correspondent in this country is the only professional representative of the Italian press in the United States. He was in Berlin as correspondent of the "Corriere" for four years, 1904–8, during the period when the present crisis had its beginnings; and his work for the Paris "Matin" during the Algeciras imbroglio, and his special missions for the "Corriere" to Scandinavian countries and to Austria, have made him acquainted intimately with European affairs.

*Signor Ferrero's article is in response to the request of The Outlook to tell its readers simply and clearly the attitude of the Italian Government and the Italian people toward the war, and specifically to answer such questions as: Is the general sympathy of the Italian people with Germany or with her opponents? Does the Italian Government still consider itself a member of the Triple Alliance? Is there a strong war party, and, if so, does that war party wish to fight for or against Germany? How far are the motives which have induced Italy thus far to preserve her neutrality moral, political, social, or economic? Do you consider that Italy will be finally forced to take an active part in the war, and, if so, for what reasons?—*THE EDITORS.

SINCE the European war has drawn in all but two of the great world Powers —the United States and Italy—and since the possibility that the United States may take up arms in this conflict is so remote as hardly to deserve consideration, it follows necessarily that the attention of all directly or indirectly interested parties should be centered on the action of Italy. To many this action has appeared extremely puzzling, and to some even very questionable; the name of Machiavelli has often been suggestively used in discussing it; but on close examination it will no doubt give the impression of being much less uncertain and much more straightforward than it seems when regarded superficially.

It is perfectly clear that the intervention of Italy in the conflict would tend to precipitate its conclusion. It would not alter the character of the conclusion, as events foreshadow it, but it would hasten it. A million men,

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well equipped and trained, thrown upon the field at the present juncture, and a navy in excellent condition, even if not very large, could not but make their weight felt, especially at this moment, when the combating forces are still nearly balancing one another; hence the most strenuous efforts on the part of Germany to induce Italy to maintain her neutrality. The great card that Germany held in reserve, the intervention of Turkey, has failed to change the game. The only effect of her play, a play which brought little or no help to the Dual Alliance, is one that the world hails with a deep sigh of relief; it is the end of that long-dreaded bugaboo of the Christian world, a Holy War of the Mohammedans. Having lost here, the next best hope of Germany is to keep Italy from joining the fray.

The last statement evidently implies that, should Italy go to war, she would take the side of the Entente Allies, not that of her late partners of the Triple Alliance. Of this fact there is no doubt whatever. The Germans know it very well, and have missed no opportunity to dwell upon the treacherousness of their southern associate; in fact, doubts as to her reliability were expressed long ago, and became so clamorous that Bülow, when Chancellor, more than once felt it his duty to rise in the Reichstag and excuse the "*tours de valse*," as he called them, which Italy was occasionally making with France and England.

Italian intervention in favor of the present Dual Alliance would not be tolerated by the masses of Italy; their sympathy for the Allies is too strong. This sympathy is variously apportioned. England is the nation that enjoys most of it, for traditional and sentimental reasons which have bound the countries rather closely together. France comes in for a little less, possibly. Being so near a neighbor—and one who has often interfered in Italian affairs—it is natural that there should exist more chances for irritating contacts; there was a time, about twenty years ago, when the relations between the two countries were quite strained. These have, however, much improved since then, and the two nations are now on the best of terms, even though there may be left some of the Italian irreconcilables who saw, and still see, red at the mention of anything French. This change is evidenced by the presence of a corps of several thousand Italian volunteers in the French Army of the Argonne.

As for Russia, it is too far away and too vaguely known a country for Italy to have any definite impression of it. Of course everybody knows, in Italy as well as elsewhere, the dire stories of Russian political persecution and of Siberian exile; but since England and France, and even doughty Japan, in a way stand warrantors for her by taking her into their partnership, Italian sympathy extends to Russia also. There is only one newspaper in Italy that openly supports the cause of the Dual Alliance; but that newspaper has long been suspected—known is perhaps more nearly correct—to be a mouthpiece of the German Embassy, and its championship carries, therefore, little weight.

Italian sympathy for the Allies should not be construed as necessarily meaning a normal state of hatred for Germany. As a matter of fact, it could be said that Germany is only a secondary consideration in the shaping of the policies of Italy and the influencing of public opinion there. The feelings of Italians toward the Germans are mostly those of indifference. The Germans do cause some annoyance through their invading persistence in Italian commercial affairs, through their frequent bad manners in meeting their fellow-men, through their national "uppishness," but there is no special enmity toward them in the country, and, most assuredly, there is no quarrel with them. In some quarters there has been even strong admiration for the German *Kultur*, whereby, mainly through scientific relations, the Germans succeeded in impressing a part of the intellectual classes of Italy. At any rate, whatever bad feeling may have been aroused by the Germans, it could not be compared with the actual bitterness that existed a few years ago against France.

But unfortunately Italy *has* a quarrel, and that quarrel is with Austria. If Germany has seen fit to back Austria in the latter's attempt to sandbag Servia, Germany must inevitably share the ill feeling that is running against Austria, and eventually take the consequences of it. Needless to say that, acting toward Belgium in much the same way as Austria tried to deal with Servia, Germany has done all in her power to enhance this ill will, and subsequent behavior has done nothing to lessen it.

I recall, for instance, a statement made by the Reichskanzler, Bethmann-Hollweg, to the Berlin correspondent of an impartial

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Rome newspaper. He explained how at first Germany had been much disappointed over Italy's announcement of neutrality, but had, on second thought, considered it a highly satisfactory procedure; "because," he said, "if Italy had joined Germany, she would have at once been attacked on land and water by France and England, and the war of the Triple Alliance would have begun under the bad omen of defeat." How is that for a compliment intended to win the favor of the Italians?

The quarrel of Italy with Austria is somewhat similar to that of France with Germany, though of an even more acute nature. Austria occupies territory inhabited by Italians, and treats her Italian citizens, not as a part of her heterogeneous population—all having the same rights, under the various constitutions of the country—but almost as a conquered people, as the Germans treated for forty years the inhabitants of Alsace-Lorraine. To this very day the Austrian Government has persistently refused to allow the foundation of an Italian university in Trieste or Trento, and has at the same time refused to recognize the degrees from universities of Italy, thus forcing Italian students to get their education in Innsbruck, Gratz, and Vienna, while Czech students can do it in their own university in Prague, Croatians in Agram, Poles in Cracow, Hungarians in Budapest and elsewhere.

It has sometimes been urged from the German side that it seems strange for Italy to desire so keenly the possession of Trento and Trieste, while apparently not caring at all for Italian provinces belonging to France, as Nice and Corsica; or to England, as Malta. One of the generous offers made by Germany to win the support of Italy at the opening of this war was the cession of these very places—Nice, Corsica, and Malta. Powers have a curious way of making presents of things that belong to others! But the case of these localities is different. Malta has not belonged to an Italian state for four centuries. The associations of Corsica with Italy have always been loose, and they ceased altogether a century and a half ago; moreover, the tradition of Napoleon, who, like all Corsicans, was of purest Italian descent, has linked Corsica to France by a probably indissoluble bond. The Italian provinces of Austria on the Adriatic, on the contrary, were always an integral part of the Venetian Republic, while Trento for centuries, and until 1803, enjoyed local autonomy as a bishop's see; they are all, therefore, connected with the most glorious of Italian accomplishments and traditions. Furthermore, a most important factor must not be overlooked—that is, while the Italians of Nice, Corsica, and Malta, like the Italians of Canton Ticino, Switzerland, are satisfied with their present condition, the Italians of Austria are not, and look to Italy as a deliverer; this counts for a great deal. To point out a parallel situation, we might say that the attitude of Italy toward the Austro-Italian provinces, as compared with that toward the other foreign-controlled lands, is very much like that of the French toward Alsace-Lorraine, as compared with that toward the Channel Islands owned by England.

Certain present political motives, which we shall later discuss, add a final touch to Austro-Italian incompatibility.

We can, then, say that Italian opinion is as unanimous as opinion can be in a people of thirty-five millions on this point: war in company with Austria, and consequently Germany, is inconceivable. On the contrary, opinion is divided as to the next possible move—whether or not neutrality should be maintained to the end of the war.

Broadly speaking, this division has three very distinct currents: First, that neutrality should be maintained unconditionally and regardless of events, short of an invasion of Italy. The party in favor of this policy is a small one, made up of Extreme Socialists and Extreme Clericals. "Politics makes strange bedfellows," but the motives that drive the fellows to seek comfort in the same bed are, of course, very different. Socialism in Italy, as in all other European countries, has failed in its vaunted mission as an agency of peace and internationalism; the party has split over the war issue, some members advocating participation, others standing for conditional neutrality. Among the leaders is a war partisan, Signor Bissolati; also Signor Mussolini, editor of the chief Socialist organ, "Avanti," who resigned his post because of his attitude.

There is one fraction of the party, however, which clings to its international idealism, and, possibly, listens to advice which is softly, and for other purposes than the ideal, whispered by German comrades; these are the neutrality-at-all-cost Socialists. The Extreme Clericals—Catholics of the blackest hue, who still dream of temporal power, of

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parish schools, and similar things—oppose a war that would soon complete the ruin of that most devout, and not least intriguing, of Roman Catholic Powers, Austria.

Second, a somewhat larger party is for immediately joining the Allies. It draws from all quarters, and has for its exponent the Nationalist party and for its chief newspaper "L'Idea Nazionale." Other newspapers of the highest character also have given their support to the movement, which has enlisted in its favor a coalition of about a hundred members of Parliament.

Third, the largest majority in the country doubtless upholds, so far, the position taken by the Government—one that could be called a position of "watchful waiting." We say "so far," because the interpretation generally put upon the Government policy, in Italy as well as other countries, is that it is a "watchful waiting" for the chance to get in! The three times officially repeated declaration of Premier Salandra has consistently maintained that Italy intends to remain neutral "unless her interests should be so threatened as to counsel intervention." The only logical construction of these words is that Italy will go to war *when*—not *if*—the just-mentioned condition arises, for she has little doubt that it will arise.

From this point of view, then, there is really no distinction between the war party and the conditional neutrality party, the issue dividing them being merely a consideration of time, whether the occasion for intervention has already or has not yet arisen. The military preparations of the Government might be taken as proof only that official Italy intends to be ready for all possible emergencies; but the answer of unofficial, popular Italy to these preparations clearly indicates the emergency to be expected as an unavoidable and not unwelcome event. A few facts will show this. Riots, for instance, on the part of students at various universities clamoring for war; of Italian universities it is true, as of English, that "when Oxford draws the knife, all England's soon at strife." Again, the eagerness with which citizens of the older reserves, and even citizens beyond the age of military service, have responded to the call for military practice is notable. A still more peculiar though less known fact is worthy of attention: the women of Italy have for the first time been admitted to target practice in military rifle ranges, and, from all accounts, seem to have adopted the novelty with great ardor; when the women begin to move in a country, there is surely something brewing.

These things considered, we deem it an accurate statement of the situation in Italy to say that the people hold Italian neutrality to be the wisest policy that could have been followed at the outbreak of the war; that they think it still expedient; but that they would not approve or support it if continued beyond certain limits.

Why, then, was neutrality a wise policy for the Government to select? The reasons that moved the Italian Government to adopt it are sufficient reply to this question. At the beginning of hostilities there were rumors afloat that the Italian Cabinet was torn by dissensions, and that a part of it, headed by the Minister of Foreign Affairs, di San Giuliano, insisted that Italy should unconditionally stand by the Triple Alliance. These rumors were groundless. A Government that had just chosen a man born in Italian Austria to fill one of the highest military posts, that had called to be chief of staff—in war, supreme commander of the army—a man whose father fell fighting against Austria in 1866 and whose grandfather was hanged by the Austrians for purely political reasons, could hardly be thought willing blindly to follow Austria in crazy adventure. If better proof were required, we need point only to the statements made in Parliament on December 5, 1914, by ex-Premier Giolitti, which touch official secrets and would therefore not have been made without the consent of the Government. These, a most important contribution to the political history of the war, briefly establish the following facts:

In August, 1913, Austria notified Italy of her intention to attack Servia and requested Italy to stand by her; Italy refused to accept Austria's standpoint, and so notified Germany; Germany agreed with Italy, and Austria then abandoned her scheme. This plainly means that a whole year before the war Germany and Austria both knew what the attitude of Italy would be, and that during the year Germany changed her mind as to the correctness and advisability of Austria's move.

The reasons for Italy's neutrality were chiefly of a practical nature, aside from the political impossibility of forcing her people into a war for Austria's sake. She was caught unprepared, slumbering in dreams of peace. Her Government disregarded the

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warning of the previous year, either because it thought the danger unreal or because the economic difficulties of the time, coupled with the heavy expenses for Libyan campaigns, counseled avoiding further military burdens. At any rate, army and navy stores were too meagerly furnished for serious campaigning, therefore there could be no thought of entering upon war, no matter what the stakes. It was the part of wisdom; but it is also gratifying that Italy's attitude toward her associates in their war of aggression was both unassailable and long well known to them.

The reasons for the continuance of the neutrality are, again, partly practical and partly moral. For the last five months a high official of the Italian army has been in this country making purchases amounting to many millions of dollars—horses, grain, clothing, shoes, oil, and other supplies; while from England, by special permission of the English Government, have come enormous deliveries of coal for the navy. Five hundred field guns, not previously completed by private arsenals, are for the most part ready. The gathering and distributing of this material have required much time. Now, however, the Italian army and navy are said to be in perfect readiness.

The moral reason for postponing action has been the natural repugnance to striking in the back those who for almost thirty years have been business partners, if not friends. The Triple Alliance treaty still stands. This is the impression of the Italian Government, and apparently also of some Germans. It is the impression also of many Italian citizens, who have urged the Government to "denounce" it, so as to allow a free hand. Italy —as we saw—has not violated her agreement by not aiding her allies; but it is evident that the agreement implicitly requires her not to attack them. Of course politics is a wily game, and in it an agreement is often but "a scrap of paper." For her own sake, however, Italy cannot make a scrap of paper of her treaty unless the provocation is irresistible.

The provocation is, notwithstanding, rapidly approaching the irresistible. For instance, the entrance of Turkey into the conflict, with its echo of rebellion in Tripolitania, has vexed Italy almost more than have the belligerent Powers. An Arab chief, taken prisoner, was found possessed of a sum of almost a million francs; where did it come from? Turkish officers command the Arab bands, and it is said that some Germans are with them, disguised as Turkish officers. The game is evidently dangerous, and the famous occasion, anxiously expected, might arrive at any moment. It may take the form of a Turko-Italian war, but from that to the long-feared Austro-Italian clash the step would be brief and natural.

According to our view, Italy cannot, for two reasons, insist on a policy of neutrality. First, for a positive reason: a successful Austria would be the undisputed mistress of the Balkans; would make an end of Italian opportunity to gain the Italian provinces of Austria; would create a disastrous rivalry in naval armaments for the control of the Adriatic—not to speak of the possibility that Austria might entertain plans for revenge. A successful Germany, with a weakened Austria, might be even worse, as it might lead to the establishment of Germany on Adriatic shores.

Second, for a negative reason: no European Power at this time is strong enough to stand isolation without immense risk, and isolation will, in any event, be the fate of Italy if she does not take sides at all; isolation both because she has not helped the loser to win and because she has not helped the winner to reach a speedier victory.

In addition, economic reasons now favor intervention. With her army practically on a war footing, it is costing Italy a million and a half dollars a day to keep neutral. Already a credit of $200,000,000 has been passed by Parliament. Such a burden, without hope of some political return, could hardly be borne by any country with continued equanimity.

We understand, and on good authority, that Italy has been told by the Entente Allies that she may have all she wants on the Adriatic—Trieste, Istria, Dalmatia, Albania—and even something in Asia Minor, provided she *comes out and takes it.* The occupation of Albanian ports, which preludes the occupation of Albania, is in Italy widely interpreted as meaning that Italy has "taken the hint." Certain it is that when her Government decides the momentous step, it will find her people a unit behind it, if not indeed ahead of it.

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WITH THE GERMAN ARMY IN ITS DASH TOWARD PARIS

BY ARTHUR SWEETSER

TO the very best of my knowledge, I was the only American newspaper man on von Kluck's dash to Paris. I covered the whole march from Valenciennes, on the Belgian border, through Cateau, St. Quentin, Compiègne, and Senlis, till the advance was finally smashed within actual sight of the Eiffel Tower itself. During that time I talked with both French and German, high and low, educated and uneducated, powerful and weak.

For three days I was a practical prisoner near the Battle of the Marne with two German bicycle scouts, commandeering food and houses and living off the country with them. Later on I was brought into close touch with them, when, arrested by the French near where the Battle of the Aisne took place, I was marched twenty-eight kilometers through rain and mud handcuffed to a German prisoner. Later still I had a chance to hear much of them when with the Belgians in and about Antwerp at the time of its fall.

Consequently I feel justified in adding my share to the scanty information which has so far passed the censorship as to what sort and manner of man the German soldier is; what he feels and hopes; what is the ruling spirit which has enabled him to stand out against the world; and what is the truth, as I saw it, of all this talk of atrocities. As for the underlying moral justification for the war, he who runs may read; that does not concern me here at all. In all fairness, however, I believe that information concerning the general conduct of the German army, at least in France, should come out.

The two great outstanding features in the psychology behind the German army were, I believe, absolute faith in the justice of their cause and absolute confidence in their ultimate success. I know of no better way to illustrate this than by the words of the simple German soldier to whom I was handcuffed during a march of twenty-eight kilometers. As we slipped along through a heavy rain and over mud-soaked roads I asked him what he thought of the Kaiser.

"Ah!" he said, fervently; "he's the greatest man in history. He's giving all he's got to save the Fatherland from the enemies all about us. He'd do anything for us, just as we'd do anything for him."

"You feel that Germany's cause is just, then?"

"Absolutely," he replied, vigorously. "It's one of the greatest wars of self-defense in history. We've been wickedly attacked on all sides. The French, the Russians, the English, are all jealous of us and have united to crush us. They're waging one of the most disgraceful wars possible."

In these few simple words this humble soldier had conveyed to me the soul of the German army. He spoke with absolute sincerity, and yet with such a naturalness that one could see that the belief had become a real part of him. Not a German I met but would have given his life for the Kaiser; not a man but expressed his horror at what he termed the baseness and aggression of the Allies. It is not so important whether these contentions are true as that they are absolutely sincere and will key their followers up to a most fanatical war of patriotism.

I remember a most tremendous clash of ideas and ideals when, another time, a German prisoner expressed the same sentiments to a French sergeant. Both for the first time caught hold of the fact that the other nation was actuated by as high motives as those for which their own nation was fighting. A sudden intellectual awakening flashed across the minds of both that the other was equally sincere in his belief that the war was one of defense against a wanton attacker. Finally, each shook his head in sympathy for the other's ignorance and gave up the conversation as hopeless.

No less striking was the Germans' confidence in their ultimate success. That the French would ever be able to save Paris did not seem to occur to either officers or men in von Kluck's division. It was largely a holiday promenade, with lots of fighting on the way and a wonderful time at the end. On August 31 the German commandant in Valenciennes told me that the German army would be in Paris on September 4, the anniversary of Sedan. Two days later the commandant at Solesmes said he would meet me in the French capital September 5. At St. Quentin the

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commandant made an engagement to meet me in the Bois de Boulogne on September 7, and even went so far as to amuse himself by giving me a pass to Paris itself.

The same confidence prevailed among the men. All were counting on disporting themselves on the boulevards by the middle of the month. Even when the retreat to the Aisne began, they were not particularly upset. At the time I was with a squad of about two hundred Uhlans and bicycle scouts on the very extreme right wing, and as we fell back there seemed but little more than the natural *ennui* because of the feeling that they would have to go back over the same ground again. It was merely a temporary delay—that was all.

The Germans' attitude towards other nationalities proved particularly interesting. For the English they have the most intense hatred. To them the Island Empire has wriggled like a snake in the grass, spreading its poison, till at last it inveigled hot-headed, sentimental France to rush in to get revenge for Alsace-Lorraine and 1870, and monstrous, ambitious Russia to take up arms in her overweening hopes of world dominion. England, the German soldier felt, was the arch-plotter, and must be crushed under foot for all time.

A wounded Tommie, who had lain for three sleepless weeks in a hospital with a bullet in his knee, gave an extreme illustration of this. A German officer, he said, had burst into the house where he lay wounded and shouted angrily to him:

"Come out of here, you dirty beast! Come out—you're going to be shot. There's no mercy for dogs like you. What right have you got fighting over here, anyhow—you and your Indian niggers?"

Only the intervention of a Red Cross official saved him, he said, from the officer's fury.

The German attitude towards the French was entirely different. It was rather that of a good sportsman who has gone out after big game and has little doubt that he will bring it in, but who at the same time realizes that there is danger in his work. The hunt was to be a fair and a clean one, with the Germans harboring neither hatred nor ill will. Withal, there was a certain contempt for French inefficiency, mingled with a genuine sympathy for a people who allowed themselves to be seduced by perfidious Albion and then were not capable of defending themselves.

For the Russians the Germans I met evinced a supreme contempt. True, they might be as the waves of the sea, but that would mean nothing more than an additional expenditure of ammunition in mowing them down. The Russian army was pictured as a great, lumbering, top-heavy mass that would crumble away like decayed stone before German science. This feeling was heightened by constant reports of Russian defeats. At St. Quentin, for instance, notices in French were posted on all the walls that the battle of Tannenberg had seen the annihilation of three Russian army corps, and the capture of three generals and between sixty and seventy thousand men.

The German attitude towards Americans was even more striking, and at times decidedly sensational. Never will I forget talking with a German officer before the splendid old Hôtel de Ville at St. Quentin.

"Well," he said, "I see we're allies now."

"Yes," I stammered; "but how do you mean?"

"Why, in the Far East. Don't you know about it?"

"No," I confessed, vaguely.

"Well," he explained, "when Japan demanded Kiaochau, Germany at once gave it over to the United States, and Japan as promptly declared war on you, too. Now we're fighting shoulder to shoulder out there."

"Whew!" I whistled; "it's time I was getting home, I guess."

"It certainly is," he answered; "and, if you want a lift, I've got room on my convoy for you as far as Paris."

This example of their feeling towards us was not nearly so extreme as it would seem. Evidently the German soldier had been led to believe that the United States was at least very cordial and sympathetic with the Fatherland. At all times my American passport secured respect and brought me every courtesy and attention. Once, for instance, when entering the burning city of Senlis, a gray mob of excited, looting soldiers surged forward to steal my bicycle. My two guards merely said, "*Americanisch*," and smiles and outstretched hands at once greeted me.

In considering the relations of the Germans to the native French, it is necessary to differentiate most sharply the attitude of the German machine and the attitude of the individual German soldier. The former was absolutely relentless and cold-blooded; the latter was what would be called absolutely

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"correct" in nearly all cases that came to my attention during my two weeks with von Kluck's division.

The German machine was severe with all the severity of which such a bloodless organization is capable. It was in a hostile country, and could not afford to trifle. Otherwise its men would have been at the mercy of the first native who took to sniping. In all the cities I visited leading men had been taken as hostages against the good behavior of the city, and notices posted on all the walls flared out the penalties of civilian resistance. All arms were ordered surrendered under pain of death; and the alacrity with which this was obeyed was all too amusingly shown in the little town hall at Pierrefonds, where enough broadswords, cutlasses, helmets, and other ancient curios had been collected to fit out a museum.

Though military retaliation overhung every city and town which fell into German hands, only one instance of its operation did I find. When I entered Senlis, only thirty miles from Paris, I found it ablaze because of alleged civilian resistance. The Mayor and ten leading citizens had been shot and fire set to the station, several hotels, and all the houses on the Rue de la République and two other short side streets. The Germans told me, as the flames still mounted to the sky, that after the surrender of the city, when their men were entering without suspicion, an organized volley had been poured into them from the houses and several soldiers killed. Even the French, on my return ten days later, admitted that some one had fired on the Germans, but denied that it had been general. Consequently, till investigation discloses the facts, I believe the tragedy of Senlis must be held an open question.

Everywhere else on my route military retaliation was entirely unnecessary. The power, momentum, and fatality of the German army had completely cowed the few French who remained, and they very readily acceded to the demand that the war be a war between armies only. There was scattered sniping in some cases, of course, but they were few and far between. At Compiègne, for instance, a German officer told me that several citizens had been shot for firing on soldiers strolling about the streets, but by and large the Germans were able to ignore the French civilians and devote themselves entirely to destroying the elusive French army.

"Correct" though the German attitude generally was towards the natives, nothing was allowed to impede in the least the chances of that fearful military machine. Hotels, houses, and food were commandeered without regard to the effect on the civilian population. It made no difference whether the French were made homeless and hungry; that was an inevitable consequence of war and could not be considered when the life of the Fatherland was at stake. The German army must grind on without regard to the little atoms being crunched into the dust beneath.

The most complete requisitioning I met with was at St. Quentin. Every meat-shop, every grocery, every bakery, had been ruthlessly commandeered, and all the bakers set to work night and day to feed the German hordes in front. With train communications entirely cut off, and no supplies entering the city from any side, the people were on the edge of starvation in a short time. Personally I found it impossible to get any lunch, and after an hour's search could round up for supper only two cakes of chocolate, a hunk of bread, and a fatty slice of ham. Two hundred and fifty English prisoners whom I visited in the Hôtel de Ville had some of them eaten nothing in three days, and when bread was offered from a near-by window they literally fought to get it. Requisitioning by the individual German soldier had been rigorously forbidden, though this, of course, could not be regularly enforced. In scores of cases I saw Germans pay for what they got, and in no case where it was possible to pay did I see them refuse to pay. Inquiries of storekeepers, running all the way from the little peasant woman who kept a cross-roads inn to the owner of a big dry-goods house in Valenciennes, convinced me that individual requisitioning or looting was comparatively scattered. German money had been made legal tender and a regular rate of exchange established. In many parts of northern France German currency is now quite common, as is also English money in places where the English have been.

Stores that had been abandoned by their owners fared very much worse. There, whatever was wanted was taken without further ado. I remember particularly a shoe-store at Senlis where all the shoes had been torn off the shelves and scattered knee-deep on the floor. A whole company of foot-sore men, weary with incessant marching, replenished itself most completely. My two

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guardians each secured a fine pair of gaiters and did their best to fit me out too. Somehow the idea did not appeal to me, but when I refused they merely tied the loot to my bicycle. There was no one in the shop to pay, even if they had so desired.

Across the road a splendid drug-store lay open to all the world. One of my guards, who had been a pharmacist before he became a soldier, entered to fill out a prescription. A Frenchwoman started at that moment to enter, but when she saw the two Germans she drew back. I learned that she had a prescription for a sick baby, and asked the German to fill it. Gladly he did so, and when the woman offered him the customary amount he told me to tell her to pay it to the owner when he returned. From there we entered a stationery store whose owner had been bold enough to stay, and were given everything we wanted in return for a German sign on the door that he was a good fellow and was not to be harmed. Poor chap! it was the only form of insurance he could get.

The destruction of property has not been nearly so great as supposed, I am sure. The blight that the German invasion has cast upon France in the stagnation of industry and the loss of a magnificent crop is appalling enough without exaggerating other damage. Only where there has been actual fighting did I find serious property damage. At Germigny l'Évêque and Vareddes, for instance, several houses were badly damaged by shells during the Battle of the Marne, and all the bridges over that river and many over the Oise and the Aisne, together with many railway bridges on the road to Amiens, had been blown up for strategical reasons by both sides. Even Senlis, which is generally said to have been "burned," had only a few streets in ashes out of a whole city. In no case, except perhaps here and with the inns along the road, did I encounter wanton destruction.

What is undoubted, however, is that the Germans have left behind them one long trail of dirt and filth. Glasses, bottles, half-eaten food, straw, and other refuse have been left to lie cluttered all about, while in some cases broken chairs, mirrors, and windows have added to the unpleasantness. Inns particularly have suffered, many being completely demolished without the rest of the town showing the slightest sign of the invader. It was the work of exhausted, dust-choked men aflame with thirst but too numerous to permit many getting too much to drink.

Again, houses and châteaux, though even at that only a small proportion, show the same dirt and filth. At Raray, for instance, a beautiful château was in a frightful confusion. Every room on the large ground floor was filthy with half-emptied bottles, glasses, and the refuse of meals. A splendid parlor, with magnificent old portraits about the walls and the handsomest furnishings, had served as an officers' bedroom. Two mattresses had been dragged down from upstairs, and beside them in the middle of the floor lay the rancid remains of breakfast. Upstairs every room had been entered and every drawer pulled out and gone over by curious German eyes. Apparently nothing had been sacred. Whether it had been a search for loot or a mere morbid curiosity to see how French aristocracy lived I do not know, but it seemed strange that soldiers should have been given such liberties.

Another time, my two guardians took possession of a beautiful house whose occupants had fled. They made free use of the kitchen for cooking our meals, and served them in a beautiful dining-room with madame's best table linen. We slept in madame's best bed and dragged in another mattress so that we could all be barricaded in the same room. The next day the sudden retreat from the Marne caused our hurried departure, and dirty dishes, refuse of cooking, and all were left just as they were. When we got on to Verberie, my guardians did the same thing with a house there.

During all my trip with von Kluck's division I saw only two cases of drunkenness. These were both at St. Quentin, in the front room of a little hotel, behind the partition of which I was having dinner with the French family. Both were mild cases and did not prevent their owners from leaving in time to get to barracks at the stated hour of nine. That the German line of march was one long trail of empty bottles and looted bars is true, but with such a mass of men that fact does not necessarily imply drunkenness. My experience may have been unique, but I give it most earnestly for what it is worth.

Atrocities and barbarities I most conscientiously believe did not exist in any general way along von Kluck's line of march. Startling though this statement will be to many, I most unreservedly say that not a single instance or indication came to my attention dur-

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ing all the trip. Stories were plentiful enough and scattered acts of barbarity very probably occurred, but from my every observation and from the general attitude of both French and German I feel sure they were only very few and far between. Perhaps the best summary of the situation was the statement of the German surgeon-general at St. Quentin, who told me that in France the war had been civilized and the Germans not forced to commit reprisals for unlawful resistance. All this time I saw him giving the kindest attention to French and Moroccan prisoners in his care.

As to the Germans' treatment of women, I made many inquiries, both from women themselves and from Frenchmen. I heard many, many stories of abuse, but always indirectly. The only one I unreservedly believed was that of a homely, thin-cheeked, flat-chested woman at whose dirty home I stayed when I found all other rooms in St. Quentin filled up with the German invaders. Two German soldiers, she told me, had entered the house intoxicated two nights before, driven her husband to the wall with drawn revolvers, and then demanded first food and wine, and then herself. The story was too honestly told to be false, but I have no reason for believing it was general. From the fact that the women in cities and towns where the Germans had been for any time seemed to have overcome their fear, I firmly believe that by and large the Germans were entirely respectful.

Indeed, there was a very manifest effort to cultivate good relations with civilians so far as it could be done without being officious. The French were allowed truly surprising freedom of travel and were met with a genuine courtesy and kindliness, particularly by the German officials at Solesmes and St. Quentin, whom I watched for over an hour answering questions, explaining restrictions, and giving advice. Not for one second, however, was there any loosening up of the German rigor or vacillation in policy. Within the limits of their necessity as they conceived it, the Germans were kindly and polite; beyond that they were blindly and relentlessly firm. German soldiers went freely and unguardedly about the streets, even in the less frequented parts. Many a night I have seen one, two, or perhaps a group of them sauntering leisurely about without fear to themselves or insult to others. Time and again I have looked into little dark inns on side streets, to see one or two with guns stacked in the corner, enjoying a beer and trying to talk with the French. Fortunately the latter are far more curious than warlike, and it would not be long before they would cluster about the Germans in wide-eyed wonder, always ready to run, to be sure, but eager to see all that they could without danger.

This great human interest of one peasant folk in another was, to me, one of the most interesting facts in the trip. Warring though they were, they could come together for peaceful interest with a real and genuine mutual curiosity. Indeed, as one watched these little atoms of the two nations sitting happily together, it certainly seemed as though the big causes which had led to the war had flown entirely over their heads. For them, there was only the little personal interest of a foreign person.

I do not wish to convey the idea that the Germans made a studied effort for French friendship, for that is not the case. But I do believe that, in so far as their difficult position allowed, they felt an interest both personal and military in keeping on good relations as much as possible. This was not of course unanimous, nor was it equal in the different sections. Discipline was stricter, I believe, in the large cities than the smaller towns, while at the same time the relations between natives and Germans became more strained the farther into France the German army went. French desperation and German exhaustion changed the freedom of Valenciennes into a noticeable hostility by the time the Germans reached Compiègne.

I have aimed in this article to show the absolute relentlessness and devastation of the German machine, while at the same time to bring out the good points of the individual German soldier. I do not agree with Germany's general point of view, but at the same time do not feel it just that her army should be so maligned as it has been by stories of atrocities, looting, and criminality. After all, history will probably decide that this terrible struggle was more the result of mere human weakness and bad judgment than of definite crime or unjust, immoral claims. One of its greatest evils has been the erection in each country of an absolutely false and unjust picture of that country's enemies; and we should be careful here not to let our attitude towards Germany's fundamental objects, be it what it may, affect our judgment towards the German army or the individual German soldier.

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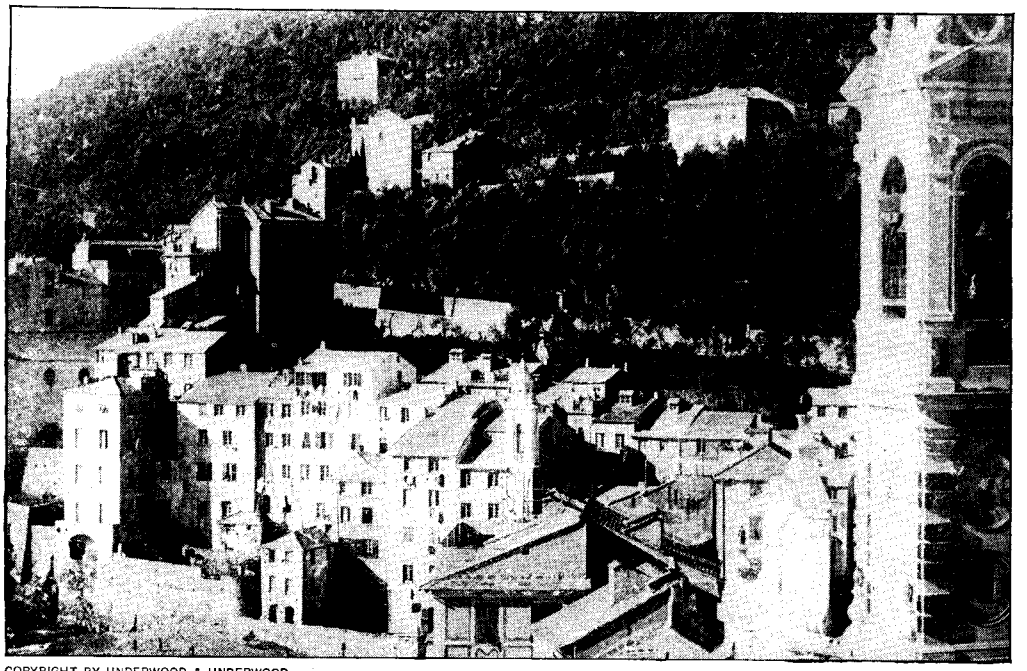

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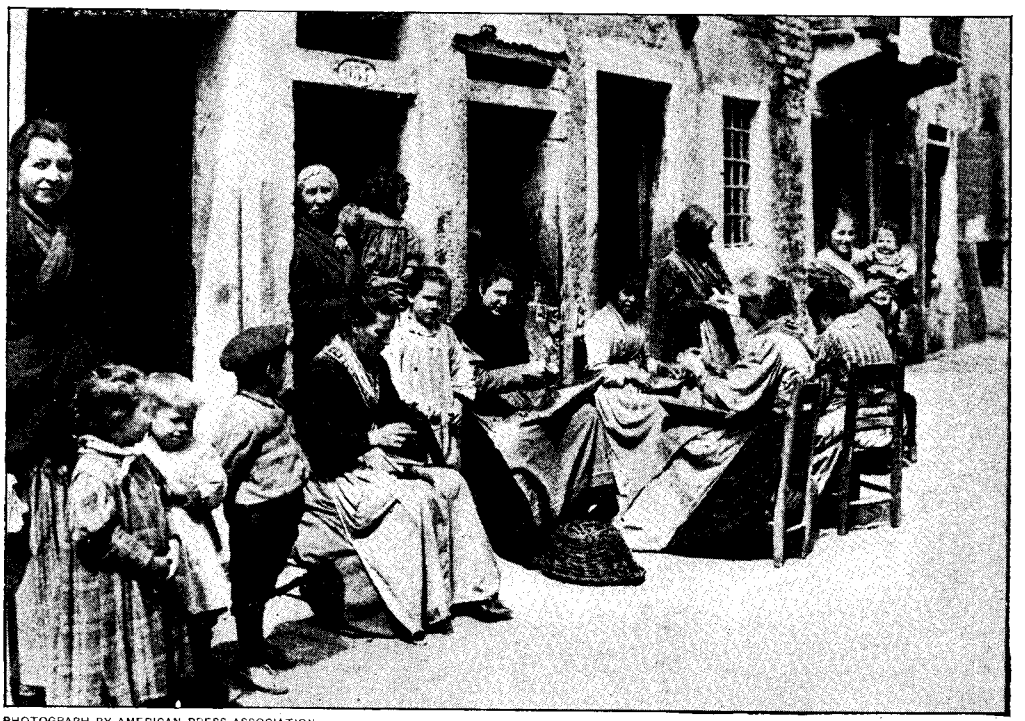

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IN THE STREETS OF AVEZZANO

TYPICAL ITALIAN TOWNS DEVASTATED BY THE GREAT EARTHQUAKE

See editorial pages for a description of the disaster

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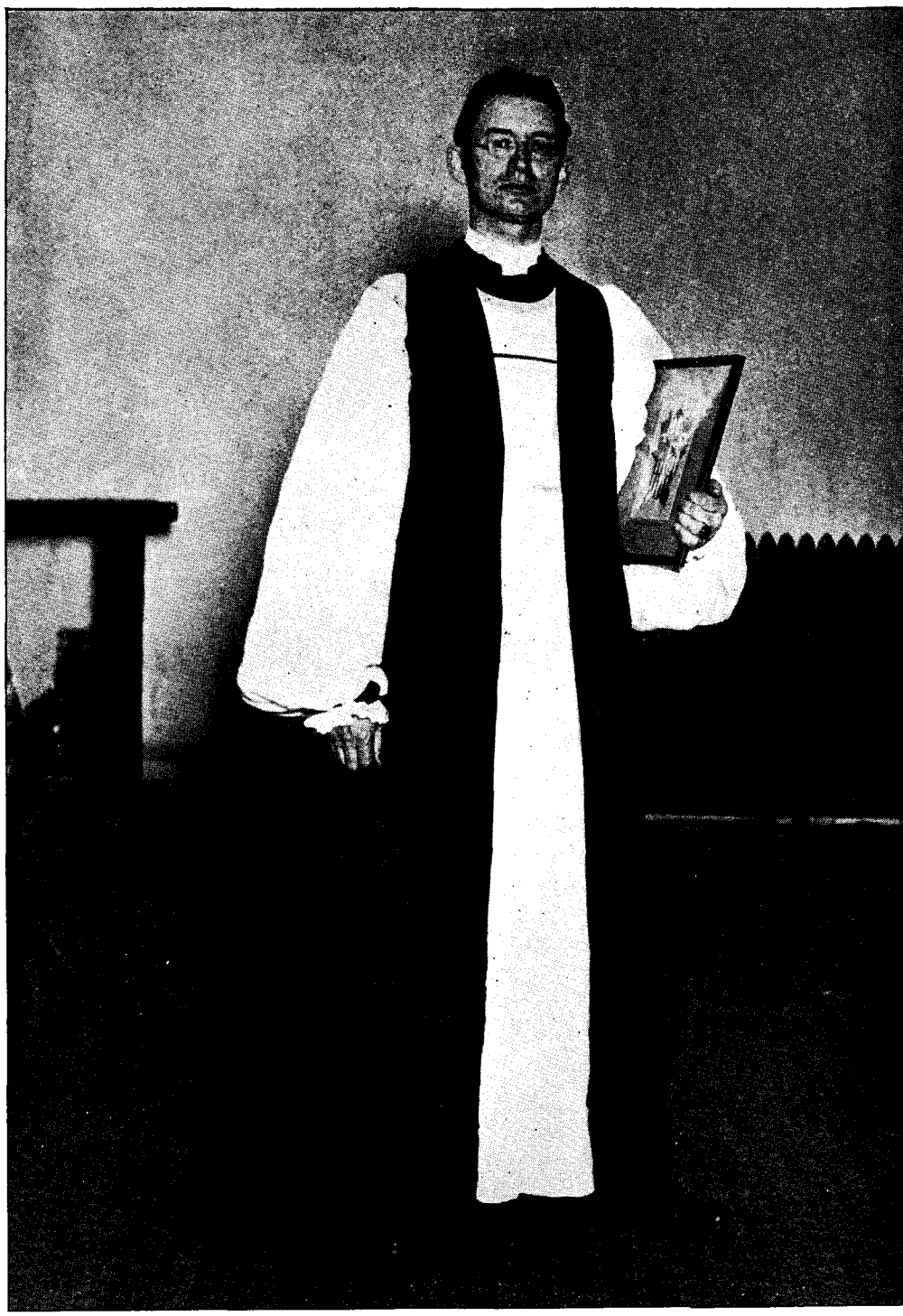

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THE REV. HIRAM RICHARD HULSE, THE NEW EPISCOPAL BISHOP OF CUBA

See comment on editorial pages

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A "BOSS" IN THE HANDS OF THE LAW

Joseph Cassidy, formerly Borough President of Queens, and a political leader who held undisputed sway, was convicted of receiving a bribe and is to serve a term in Sing Sing Prison. The picture shows him (on the right-hand side of the page) on his way to serve his sentence. See comment on editorial pages

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AS BETWEEN FRIENDS

BRITISH LION. "Please don't look at me like that, Sam. You're not the Eagle I'm up against."

FROM LONDON PUNCH

A BRITISH VIEW OF THE AMERICAN PROTEST

Cartoon by Bernard Partridge

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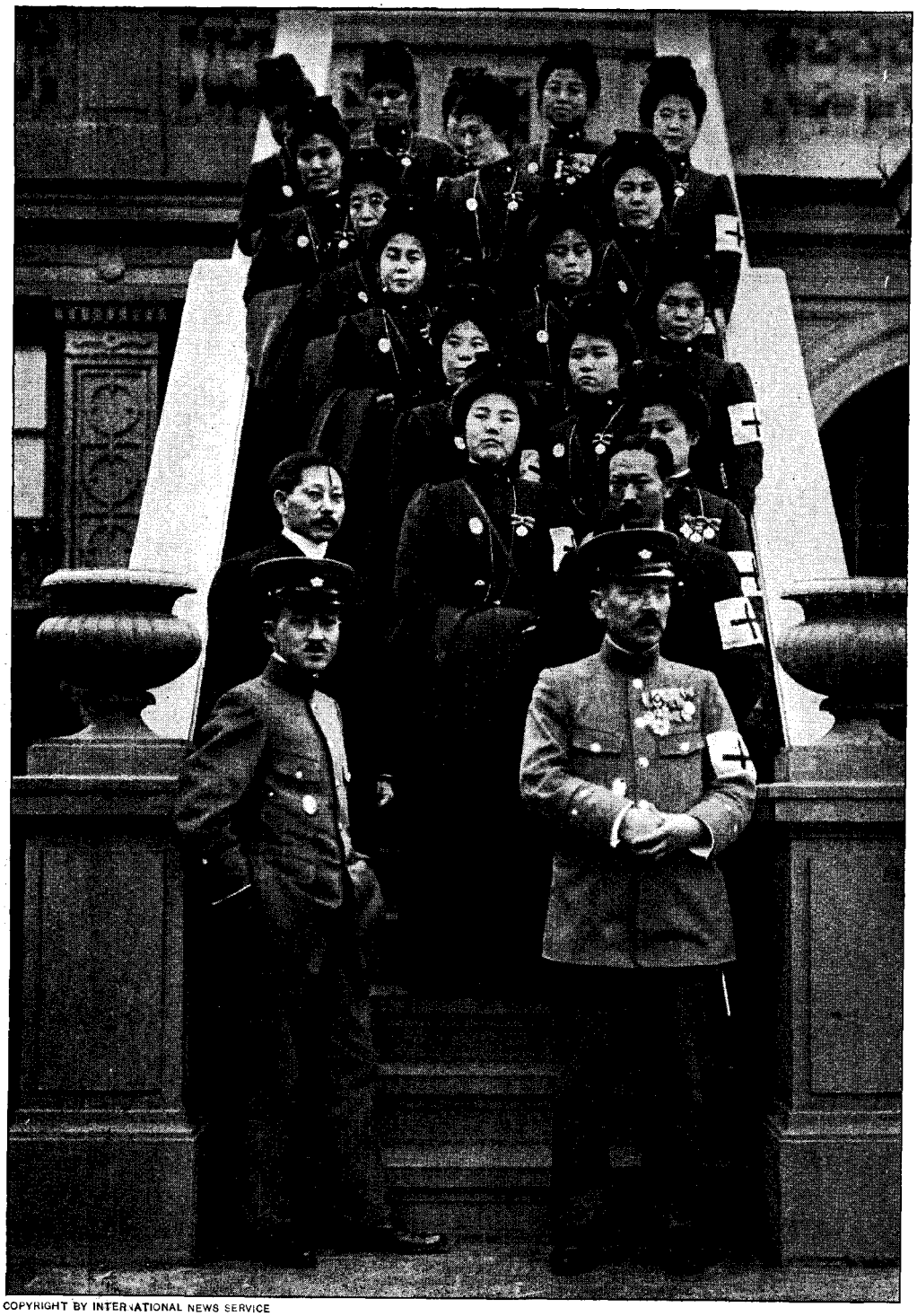

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JAPANESE DOCTORS AND NURSES ON THEIR WAY TO THE FRONT

This group of efficient-looking Red Cross workers from Tokyo recently passed through New York City on their way to Europe to assist the Allies in caring for the wounded. See editorial comment

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PHOTOGRAPH BY UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD

"FEW, FEW SHALL PART WHERE MANY MEET"

The picture indicates the harvest that death has reaped in the Russian army now fighting in East Prussia. "Just eighteen days before this photograph was taken," says the comment accompanying this picture, "seventy-two officers led the four thousand men who composed this brave Siberian regiment. After a fortnight's fighting these were all the officers left"

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PHOTOGRAPH BY UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD

CROWN PRINCE LEOPOLD

PHOTOGRAPH BY UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD

PRINCESS MARIE JOSÉ

PHOTOGRAPH BY UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD

PRINCE CHARLES

DISPOSSESSED!

The sympathy that Americans feel and are manifesting in practical help for the Belgian people extends also to the royal family of that country, who nave been so rudely dispossessed of their heritage. The charming children of King Albert and Queen Elizabeth, shown in the above photographs, will eventually, it is to be hoped, see the dawn of happier days for the country that has expected one of them to be its future King

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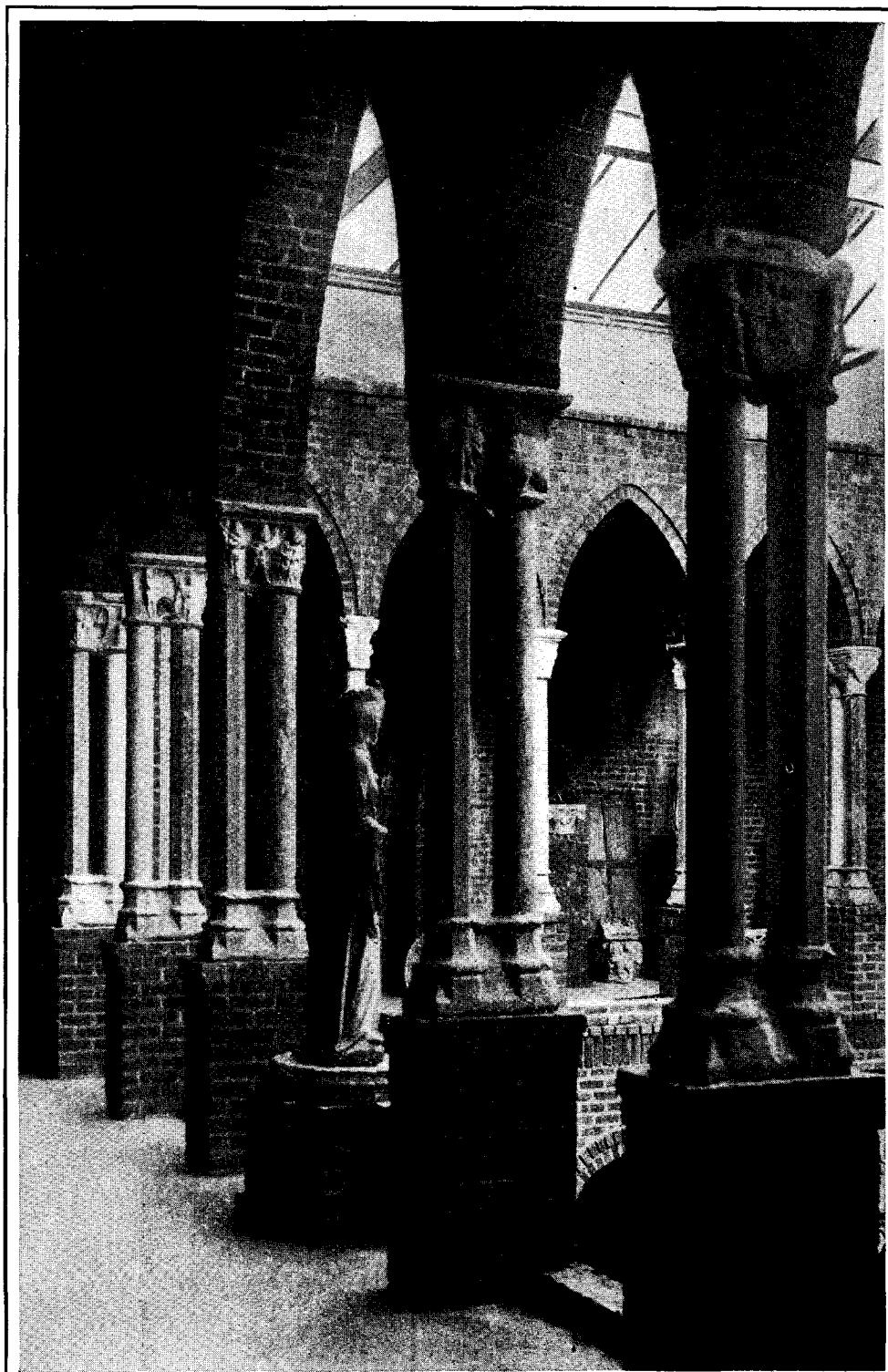

A CORNER OF THE UPPER CLOISTERS

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THE CLOISTERS

BY ELBERT F. BALDWIN

The pictures are reproduced with the kind permission of George Grey Barnard

FEW New Yorkers know their New York. Especially is this true of the upper part of the city. Some college boys, it is true, old and young, who have pulled an oar on the Harlem, and of course the commuters from Spuyten Duyvil and Kingsbridge, are acquainted with the upper part of the city. But set your average New Yorker down on Fort Washington Avenue, and, for all he would know about his environment, you might as well transplant him to Albany. He would probably feel as much at home in one place as in the other.

If the New Yorker happened to be a lover of art, however, there is now a distinct reason why he should become acquainted with Fort Washington Avenue. For on the forested cliff at One Hundred and Eighty-ninth Street—just where the avenue is most romantic as one looks through the trees across the Harlem valley far below—a bare, barn-like, brick building has just been erected. Its interior, not its exterior, merits attention. And not only the superbly architectural interior. Within is one of the most remarkable collections of sculpture ever exhibited in this country. Indeed, outside of the Louvre and Cluny Museums, it may be the finest of any collection of French Gothic statues, bas-reliefs, capitals, and altar carvings.

As soon as one crosses the threshold one passes from the atmosphere of America and the twentieth century into the atmosphere of France and the twelfth and thirteenth centuries. Where on this side of the Atlantic can we realize what the Gothic age meant better than in this building? The interior is austere and ecclesiastical, and the resultant feeling on the part of the sensitive onlooker may very well be more or less reverent. As we pass before the works which the collector has placed against the background of cleverly dulled brick walls it requires little effort to transport ourselves in fancy into some old church which we may have visited in France. The man who conceived this interior has evidently not tried to reconstruct any particular cloister or chapel, although he fitly calls the place "The Cloisters." But he has patently tried to give to his collection of sculptures exactly the architectural environment which once surrounded them, so that now each column, capital, statue, carved relief, or winged altar seems to be in just that place which it once filled.

What a suggestion to our museum directors! How often have they offended us by persistently hanging in their most secular halls some altar-piece of profound religious significance!

George Grey Barnard, the distinguished American sculptor, especially well known because of his work for the Pennsylvania State Capitol at Harrisburg, has erected this building. During his many years of study and travel in France he gathered together a great collection of sculptures, and now he has constructed an edifice to contain them. He has surrounded his treasures not only with fitting architectural environment, but with sympathetic lighting. In the center part, or nave, the light comes from above. Brick arches and walls, resting on slender, short columns placed in double rows, separate the nave from the side aisles and transepts, and there the light is dimmer. Before the altars in the aisles are very long candles in their wrought-iron candle-stands. Nothing seems more attuned to the spirit of the sculptures and carvings of the Middle Ages than this modulation of the dimmed light of day and the gentle, soft radiance from the candles.

In Italy and Greece excavation is always going on for buried sculptures of old time, but we do not think of the soil of France as containing similar masterpieces for excavation. And yet Mr. Barnard found many such. Not a few of the pious labors in stone of the early architects and sculptors were devastated and ruined in the Hugnenot wars, and again in the French Revolution, when the National Assembly decreed the dispossession and sale of all church property. In both periods mobs attacked abbeys, chapels, churches, and cathedrals, stripping them of their treasures of sculpture whenever possible. Nor was this all. The iconoclasts used the sculptures over and over again for building material. As props for vines slender antique columns are often picturesque enough. But think of finding, as Mr. Barnard did, a statue of one of the Apostles in a

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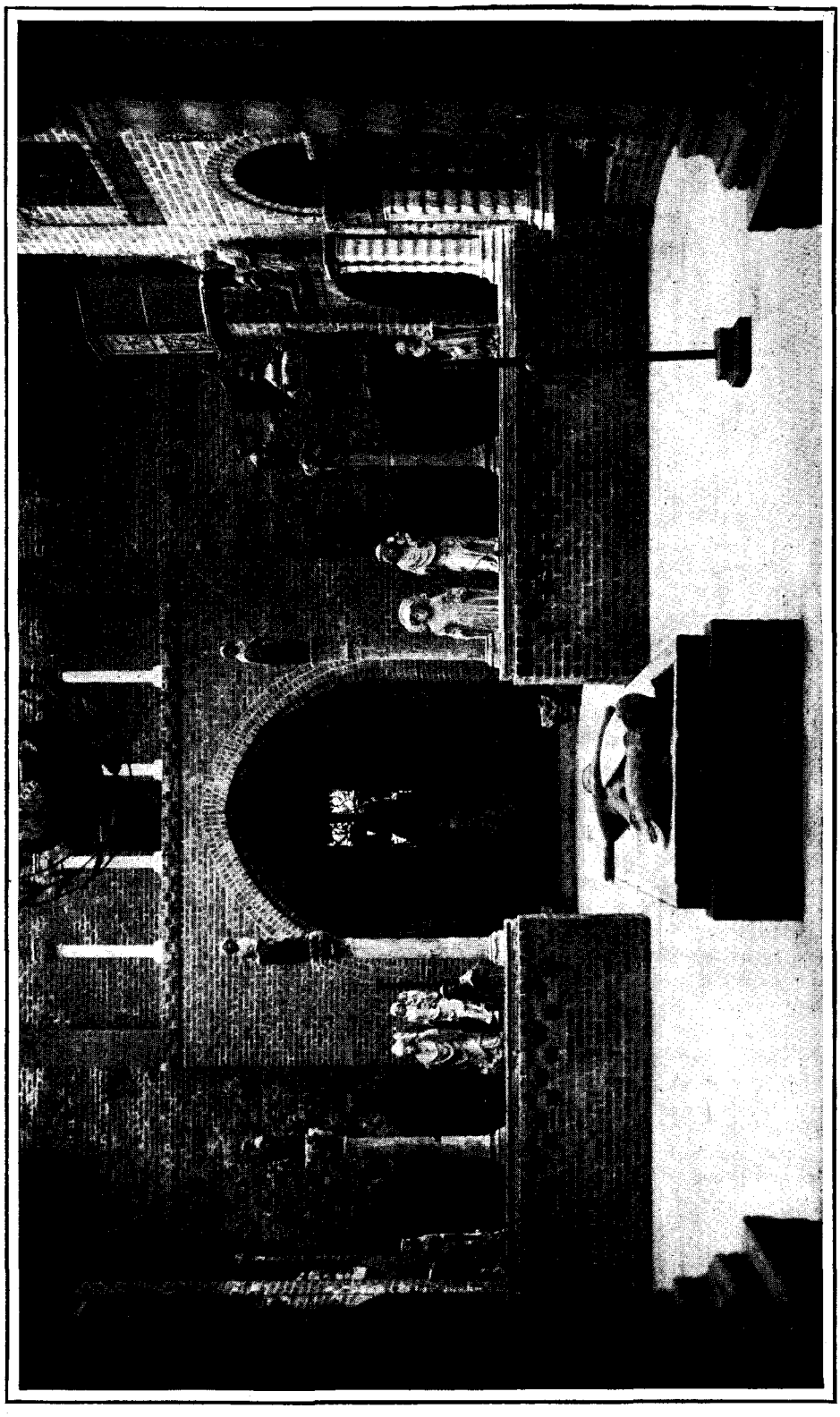

THE NAVE

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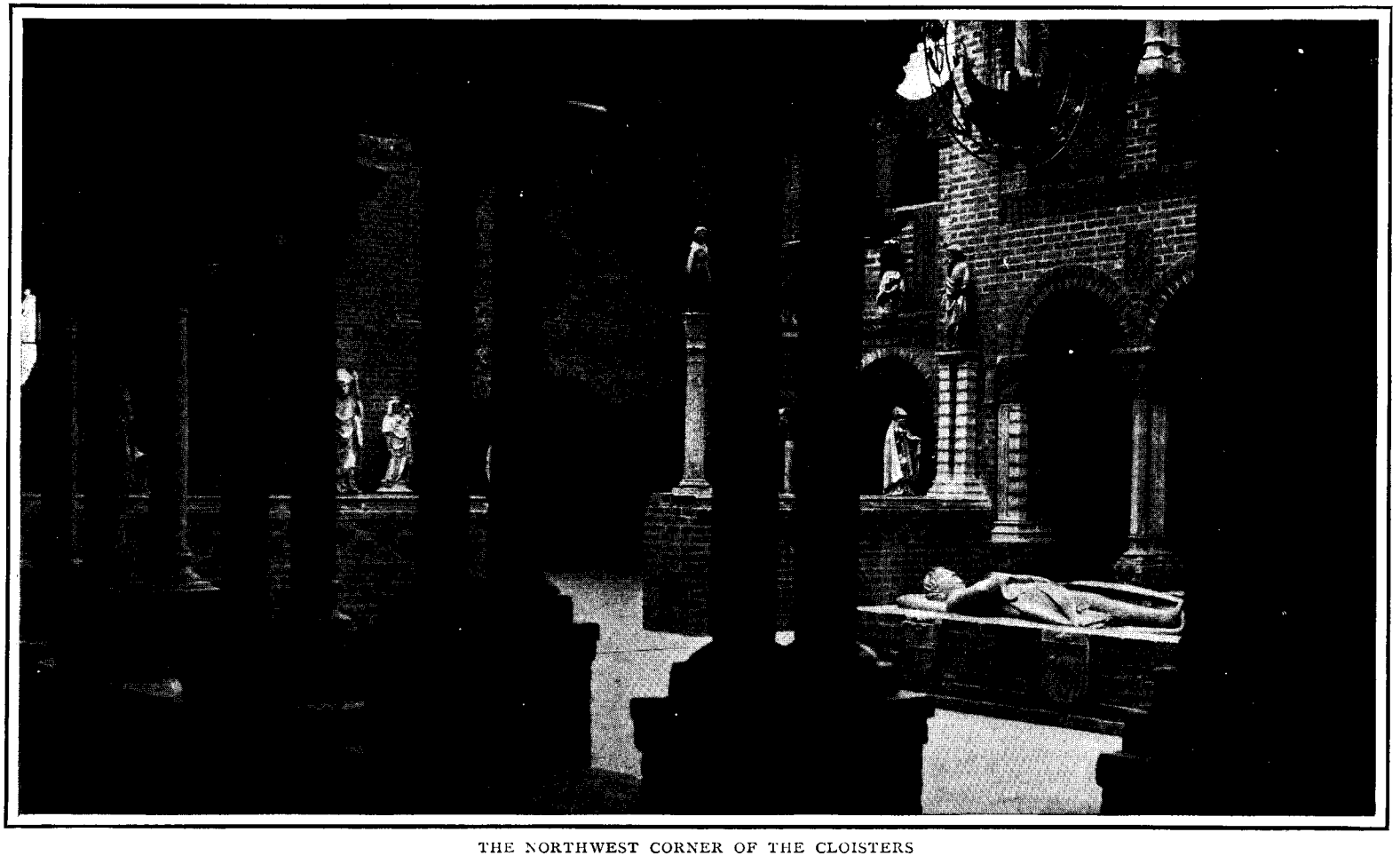

THE NORTHWEST CORNER OF THE CLOISTERS

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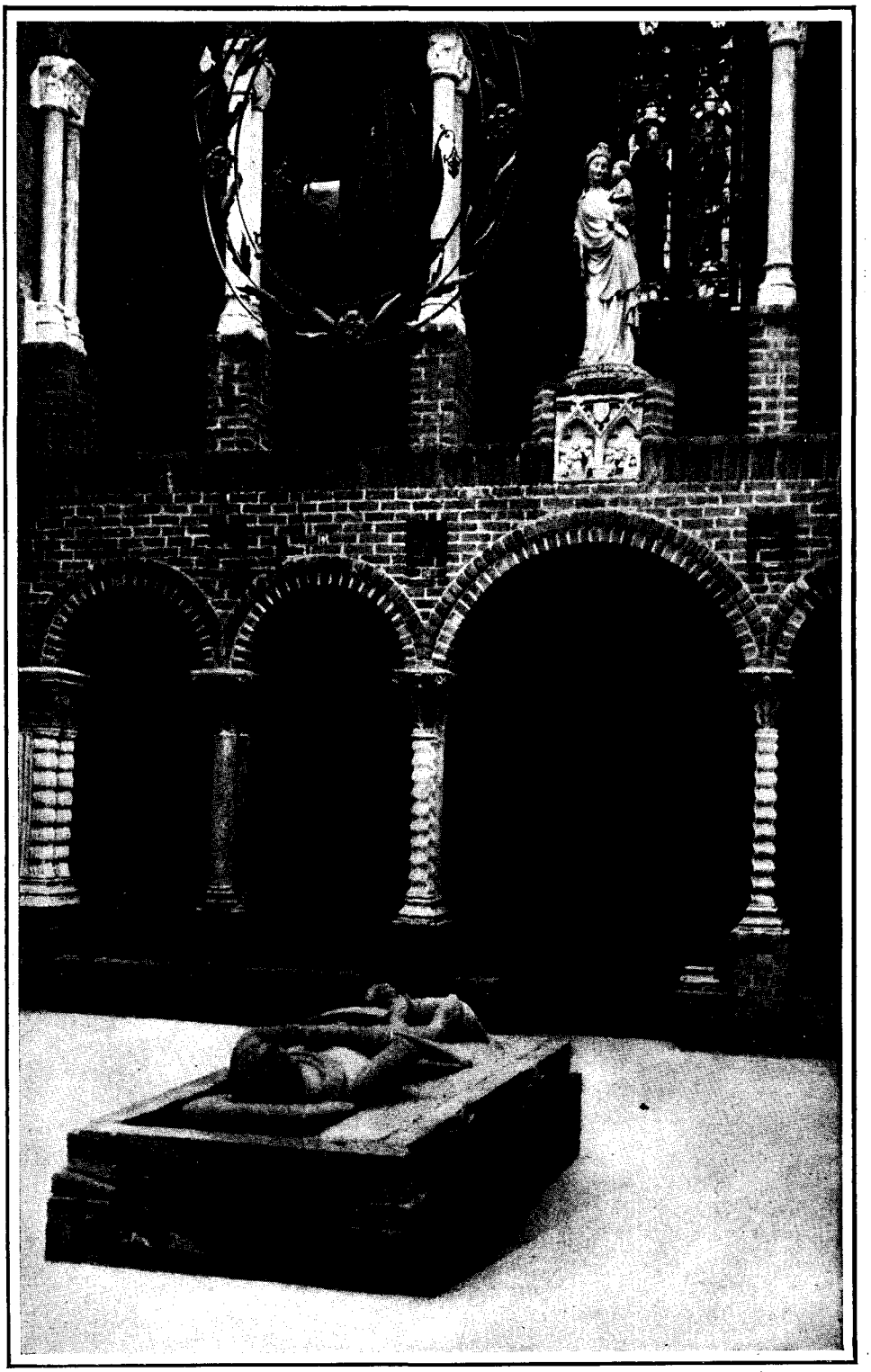

THE TOMB OF A CRUSADER

Looking towards the main entrance. A statue of the Virgin and Child from the Île-de-France is seen on the balcony

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VIRGIN AND CHILD

An example of fifteenth-century statuary from the monastery where Abelard died

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stone wall, and a memorial tablet as the lintel of a hen-house door!

All of the pieces shown in Fort Washington Avenue were found by Mr. Barnard, and many of them were actually excavated by him. The Cloisters is thus, in a very real sense, not only a collection of material, but a personal achievement.

But Mr. Barnard has done something more than merely to gather and house an interesting collection of sculpture. He has helped to reconstruct the notion of the Gothic age in the minds of many. Too long people have persisted in thinking of that great age, in so far as sculpture is concerned, as cramped, sickly, sentimental. One reason for this is because the age did not freely and exuberantly glorify the nude, as did the Greek age which preceded it, and as did the Renaissance which followed it. The Gothic age in sculpture was, it is true, emphatically that of the draped figure. But it needs only a glance at some of the statues reproduced on the accompanying pages to show that drapery sometimes actually accentuates the human form. Moreover, these figures, often austere and sometimes anatomically crude, do not seem morbid, mawkish, over-mystical, or sillily ecstatic, any more than they seem heavy and lifeless. They are vigorous, virile, human, as was the great age from which they sprang.

As we think of that age, we naturally think first of all of its expression in architecture, and we do not forget that Gothic architecture was born in France. But how about Gothic sculpture? Do we not generally attribute its rise and development to the Pisani in taly? Certainly, in their return from Byzantine rigidity to a study of Greek models, in their larger conceptions and more intelligent technique, they led the way. And yet not even in Italy did sculpture go through a more remarkable evolution at this time than in France. No one can study the vivacious and dramatic figures which adorn the cathedrals of Amiens, Laon, Rheims, and Paris—to mention the first four places that come to mind—and be insensible of this. Even when Gothic art showed signs of decadence from its pristine power, dignity, and repose and became influenced by Flemish over-elaboration and excessive attention to details, wonderful works were still being produced in France. One has but to visit Dijon, and see Sluter's altar-tomb for Philip the Bold, to realize this.

In The Cloisters we find a special emphasis of that earlier period when the monkish artists were expressing their quaint conceptions in the capitals of Romanesque columns, substituting more realistic plant and animal forms, and when in statuary they were gradually emancipating themselves from the thraldom of the Romanesque by furtively introducing individual instead of typical expression, even though sculpture was still to be for the most part too exclusively a decoration of architecture rather than an entirely independent department of art by itself.

Too tardy justice has been done to the early French sculptors. Perhaps now, when the genius of a Rodin is turning the attention of art lovers all over the world to France as a leader in sculpture, there may be a more popular appreciation of what France has meant in that department of art. Every lover of France and every lover of sculpture—and who is not a lover of both?—should be grateful to Mr. Barnard for affording a really unique opportunity to relive what one may have enjoyed abroad, to reconstruct the outlines of a great epoch in art, and to gain new inspiration from the labors of the sculptors who lived and wrought long ago.

One thing more. If any one wants to help some of those who may be left in need because of the war, Mr. Barnard offers a new opportunity. While he hopes later to throw his museum open to the public, for the present he wants it to serve the necessities of the families of his brother sculptors in France. Accordingly, an entrance fee of five dollars is charged, reduced to two dollars on Saturdays and Sundays. The Museum is open from ten in the morning to five in the afternoon. Artists are proverbially poor, and even in France, that home of art, poverty may be found among those who are its ministers. But especially is this true just now when artists have been drafted to the front. Some of their families are in need and others will be in need. When one thinks of what the world owes to France in general and to French sculpture in particular, a ready response to Mr. Barnard's appeal should be forthcoming.

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THE ANGEL WITH THE SWORD

BY AMELIA JOSEPHINE BURR

Arouse thee, Peace, and take the sword of power
The wanton hands of War have made their own.
Wake from thy dreams—behold, it is thine hour.
War by his own excess is overthrown.
Wrench from his grasp what he has held too long,
And gird thee with the blade that none shall draw
Save at thy word and for thy sake, when wrong
Threatens the holy majesty of Law.
Unite the nations by a nobler tie
Than common fear or common power-lust.
The only cause wherein thy sons may die
Is that a world of brothers may be just;
Till even justice be outgrown—until
The blessed anarchy of heaven be gained
When Love shall to the uttermost fulfill
Law's bidding, and exceed it, unconstrained.

"FORTISSIMI SUNT BELGÆ"

BY HELEN COALE CREW

See how great Julius Cæsar's hand hath writ
Of a young nation struggling to arise.
Long centuries pass; still, while she bleeds and dies,
His judgment stands. Time dims no word of it.

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THIS FIGUREHEAD OF THE WHALESHIP TAMERLANE IS USED IN GARGOYLE FASHION ON MR. ROBERT S. PEABODY'S HOUSE IN MARBLEHEAD, MASSACHUSETTS

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THE SILENT PILOTS

BY DAVID A. WASSON

WHEN Captain Jason set sail in his good fifty-oared galley Argo, bound for Colchis in search of the Golden Fleece, mythology tells us that he got no small help from the ship's remarkable figurehead. It was carved from the speaking oak of Dodona, and had a convenient little trick of giving the Argonauts advice and instruction at critical moments.

The giant bronze eagle of the Fatherland that dominates the bow of the huge steamship Imperator has an attribute equally practical, and it is to be feared heralds no return to the æsthetic afloat. In the interior of the Imperator's Gargantuan bird, thirty feet between wing tips, perpetually sits a lookout who scans the ship's course through glass portholes in the monster's breast.

This utilitarian age has discarded all ship fittings not absolutely necessary, among them the storied figurehead, a bit of nautical furniture which had outlived every other. At the present time there are only three transatlantic steamships besides the Imperator that carry figureheads into New York—all old and foreign-built. The American Liners Philadelphia and New York wear the presentments of two actresses popular when the ships were built. The Philadelphia's is Mary Anderson, draped in flowing robes that conform to the sweep of the overhanging bows. The New York's divinity is Lily Langtry, and she barely missed violent death when the Hamburg-American Liner Pretoria rammed the New York off Nantucket last June. The British-built Oceana, recently sold to New York owners, is adorned with a figure of Aphrodite.

To-day among the world's sailing vessels a few foreign ships and barks proudly wear the ancient carvings, but the billet-head, a knee or bracket under the bowsprit, has superseded the greater part of them. Possibly a little conventional scrollwork framing the builder's name relieves the bleakness on some trim fore-and-afters, but far oftener there is nothing whatever. The Maine three-master Mary B. Wellington is said to be the only merchant wind-jammer on the Atlantic coast now wearing a genuine head of the olden time.

The Egyptians were the first authentic patrons of the figurehead. They adopted as favorite designs the sacred ibis, the lotus, and the phœnix, and solemnly regarded them as special protectors of their vessels and crews. The Greeks, Romans, and Phœnicians inherited the custom. The latter owe the most conclusive proof of their sea prowess to the discovery of a Phœnician figurehead on the east coast of Africa in 112 B.C. It showed that the intrepid ancients doubled the stormy Cape of Good Hope.

Apparently the fierce Norsemen felt able to take care of themselves, for their figureheads were not regarded as talismans. Theirs usually were dragons, and their appearance instead was calculated to terrify the enemy. And they must have been formidable-looking creatures, for an archaic Icelandic law compelled incoming ships to remove their figureheads, lest they frighten away the guardian spirits of that desolate island.

The clumsy war-ships of the Middle Ages carried the most resplendent carvings known to history. One of the most elaborate ever put on a ship was worn by the 1,200-ton British frigate Prince Royal, launched in 1608, and a dreadnought of her time. She was built by King James I and named for his son, Charles I. Her figurehead was a heroic-sized representation of the ill-fated Prince on horseback, though at that time there was a propensity for lions and dragons.

In modern times it has been the fashion to give a ship a figurehead in some way emblematical of her name, if possible. Females in flowing draperies have been the favorites. "Her full-busted figurehead," wrote Tennyson, "stared o'er the ripple feathering from her bows." On either side from the central figure swept away beautifully sculptured trailboards. On many of the crack clippers the idea was conveyed aft by means of gold stripes, and on the stern surrounding the name blossomed another decoration of scrollwork.

Until recently war-ships have continued to be the most richly garnished vessels afloat. The grand old fighter Olympia, which carried Admiral Dewey to triumph at Manila, has on her sharp slicing stem a bronze Winged Victory holding aloft an eagle, the goddess her-

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THIS FIGUREHEAD FROM A FRENCH PRIZE, LATER CARRIED BY THE AMERICAN SHIPS CAROLINE AND MARITANA, IS NOW IN THE COLLECTION OF THE BOSTON MARINE MUSEUM

self poised on a fanciful golden scrollwork extending far abaft the hawse-pipes. It was designed by Saint-Gaudens and cost $12,000. It was partly on this account, as well as for her gallant record, that the Olympia is one of the very few ships of our navy that are allowed to retain their figureheads.

For these decorations on the fighters have lately fallen into disfavor. The same order of the then Secretary of the Navy, Mr. Meyer, that turned all the active American war-ships gray and inconspicuous, deprived them of the golden figureheads that were wont to catch and reflect the sun's rays. In most cases the discarded heads were presented to the cities or States for which the ships were named. The city of Bangor probably has the most highly prized head, that of the martyred battle-ship Maine. It is a huge bronze affair mounted on a granite pedestal in front of Bangor's new library building.

French and British war-ships were shorn of their figureheads in the nineties, because it was found that they got in the way when torpedo nets were being rigged out. They are still retained by the German warriors, which are noted for elaborate figureheads, and by the Japanese fighting-machines, all of which wear the glorified chrysanthemum forward.

The vicissitudes of the splendid old Constitution's various figureheads have made history. Her first was a representation of Hercules with uplifted club, which was cut by the Messrs. Skillings, of Boston, and shot away before Tripoli. When the ship was first rebuilt at Boston in 1813, this was replaced by a figure of Neptune, which presumably was lost in the fights with the Java or Guerrière. It was replaced by a plain billet-head with a scroll; but when the Constitution was again rebuilt at Boston in 1834 she was given a figurehead of President Jackson. This was thought an uncomplimentary likeness of the beloved Old Hickory, and its removal was asked, but in vain.

But on the night of July 3, 1834, when the Constitution was anchored in Boston Harbor, one Captain Samuel W. Dewey, of New Bedford, decided to take the matter into his own hands. He rowed out to her in the dark, climbed into the bob-chains, and sawed off the President's head. It later was replaced, however, and stood by the ship for forty years more. To-day the restored Old Ironsides at the Boston Navy-Yard wears a graceful but unpretentious billet-head, while Old

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Hickory lies in state at the Naval Academy in Annapolis.

So, too, does the stern-visaged old warrior who ornamented the prow of the ancient United States frigate Tecumseh. Him generations of hapless cadets were forced to propitiate at the sly behest of relentless upperclass men, until the resolute enforcement of the regulations against hazing did away with the time-honored pleasantry. But here perhaps is a survival of the homage paid in ages when the figurehead was a talisman. Certainly it is not long ago that both merchant and naval crews held the genie of the bowsprit in affectionate regard.

It is related that in a battle with the French in the English Channel in 1792 the figurehead of the allies' frigate Brunswick, an effigy of the Duke of Brunswick, sustained the loss of its headgear; whereupon, in a spirit of bravado, the captain replaced it in the thick of the fight with his own cocked hat.

Though figureheads used to be considered as much a part of a ship's outfit as the masts, those in existence as relics of famous ships are so rare that they may almost be catalogued. The explanation is that most of the fine old wind-jammers died in harness and under circumstances which precluded salvage.

Probably the finest collection extant is that of the Castle Shipbreaking Company, of Millbank, London, which lately has been offered to the British Museum. The company has been demolishing obsolete ships for their metal since 1838, and has had great opportunities for getting possession of some of the finest figureheads ever carved. Some of them came from such famous old fighters of the royal navy as the Imperieuse, Collingwood, Duke of Wellington, Princess Royal, and Royal Albert.

At Salem, Massachusetts, lately devastated by fire, are such widely known organizations as the East India Marine Society, the Peabody Museum, and the Essex Institute. Salem was once the home of the largest fleet of foreign-going ships in the country, and the chief purpose of these institutions is to preserve memories of those halcyon days of Yankee supremacy on the deep.

Fortunately all of them escaped the flames, yet, had they burned, the number of old figureheads in existence would hardly have been reduced. The Marine Society has not one. The only one in the Peabody Museum

THE FAMOUS SHIP'S FIGURE CARVER, ISAAC TOWLE, OF BOSTON, USED THIS FIGUREHEAD TO ADVERTISE HIS WORK

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THE WESTERN BELLE'S FIGUREHEAD, NOW USED AS A GARDEN DECORATION

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THE FIGUREHEAD OF THE SHIP FALCONER HAS A BERTH IN THE INDIA WHARF RATS CLUB OF BOSTON

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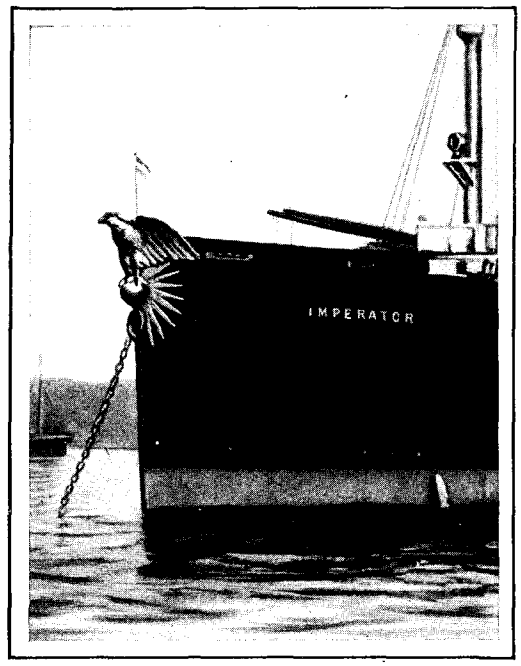
is the modern head of the scout cruiser Salem, a bronze shield weighing 3,800 pounds, which was presented by the Navy Department when removed from the ship. The Essex Institute has two indifferent specimens, supposedly taken from Boston ships. Mr. John Robinson, curator of the combined marine collections of all three institutions, says that, as far as he knows, there is not a figurehead of a Salem ship in existence. Indeed, the Mindoro, last of the Salem ships, became a coal barge and was lost at sea seventeen years ago.



THE FIGUREHEAD ON THE STEAMSHIP IMPERATOR IS USED AS A SHIELD FOR THE LOOKOUT

Boston, too, recently has assembled a Marine Museum in its old State House. Its collection, of which Mr. Robert B. Smith is custodian, comprises just two figureheads. The India Wharf Rats Club also has two; but the Hastings Room in the State House, another museum endowed by a famous old-time shipping firm and full of priceless marine relics, boasts not one.

In all Portsmouth, an ancient commercial rival of Boston and Salem, and the birthplace, like them, of hundreds of ships, are but two figureheads. One is a storm-scarred female said to have come from the Spanish ship Sagunto, lost at the Isles of Shoals with all on board in 1813, and the subject of one of Celia Thaxter's poems. This head is owned by Captain S. H. Harding.

New Bedford, home of the vanishing whaler, has a quaint excuse for its scarcity of figureheads. Most of its old ships were owned by Quakers, whose stern religion tolerated no such frivolities as graven images of man. When George Howland, a shipowner of the thirties, purchased the bark Rousseau, he decapitated the statue of the French philosopher that adorned her bow and substituted a small billet-head. This latter is now in the New Bedford Public Library. It was placed there some years ago when ship-breakers demolished the worn-out Rousseau, which was built in 1801.

The Dartmouth Historical Society of New Bedford, however, has a fine head of the defunct whaler Bartholomew Gosnold, while Mr. H. S. Hutchinson owns that of the Commodore Morris, built in 1841, and not long ago broken up. On the bark Alice Knowles, one of the newest of the fleet, and still sailing out of New Bedford, is the life-sized figure of her namesake.

One of the few other whalers' figureheads in existence is that of the New Bedford whaler Tamerlane, a vessel referred to at length in Frank T. Bullen's "The Cruise of the Cachalot." It is a fine conception of the bloodthirsty Mongol of the thirteenth century, and stands guard over the door of Mr. Robert S. Peabody at Marblehead, Massachusetts. Mr. Peabody, a former President of the American Institute of Architects, is perhaps responsible for the worthy fad among wealthy north shore residents of decorating their estates with old figureheads. Mr. Peabody himself has a record-breaking collection of five.

Other interesting figureheads, mostly from well-known old Boston ships, are to be seen ornamenting the grounds on the estates of the Hon. David M. Little, of Salem; Messrs. Charles Francis Adams, 2d, of Boston; J. Henry Sears, of Brewster; and the late John W. Chandler, of Brookline. The greater part of them were secured when the ships were converted into barges or broken up for junk.

Boston ships, in fact, were famed for their carvings. The Bunker Hill, gone these thirty years, was one of the most gorgeously embellished merchantmen ever launched in this country. She carried on her bow a herculean Continental soldier with a musket,

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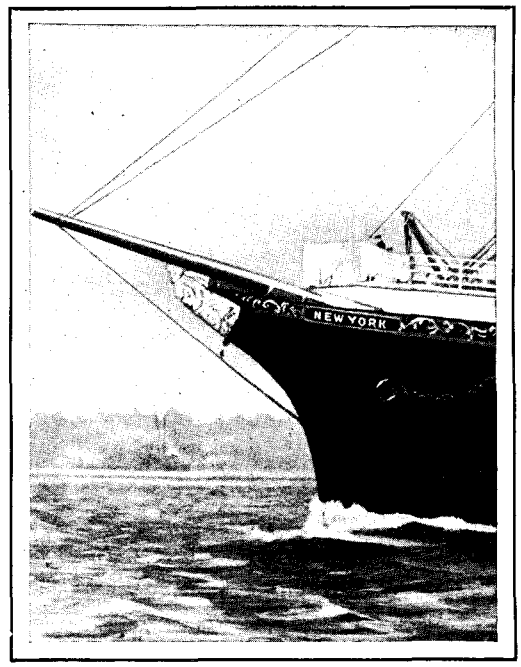
while on her stern was a marvelous panoramic depiction of the Battle of Bunker Hill.

But the beautiful Inman Liner City of Rome—in her day sovereign of the seas—had an even more magnificent figurehead. On her bow perched a mammoth bronze Roman warrior in glistening coat of mail. Her entire clipper bow back to her shearing stem was ablaze with gleaming carving of perfect workmanship. The City of Rome was broken up some ten years ago, after running in the transatlantic trade for a quarter of a century.



THE TRANSATLANTIC STEAMSHIP NEW YORK HAS FOR ITS FIGUREHEAD THE IMAGE OF A WELL-KNOWN ACTRESS

To-day we know very little of that once-flourishing trade of ship's carver, whose art was as refined as the sculptor's and whose work was often as expert. In maritime circles tribute is paid even now to the genius of such old masters of their calling as the Messrs. Skillings, Isaac Towle, and Joseph Doherty, of Boston; Joseph True, of Salem; Woodbury Gerrish and John Bellamy, of Portsmouth; James Sampson, of Bath; and W. L. Seavey, of Bangor. It may well be that many a Phidias blushed unseen amid his fragrant workshop chips, for connoisseurs of sculpture were scarce before the mast. It is certain, however, that the work of adroit ship's carvers commanded almost any price asked in the days when there were money and pride in wind-jammers.

The masterpiece of John Bellamy, who died in Portsmouth last April at the ripe age of seventy-seven, was considered to be the enormous American eagle that adorned the old steam frigate Lancaster, one of the few survivors of the wooden navy. Like many another artist, Mr. Bellamy had the eccentricities of genius, and one day when at work on the Lancaster's head at the Charlestown Navy-Yard he decided that he was tired of working. He climbed on one of the wings of the bird of freedom and proceeded to take a nap, only to be discovered by an officer and hauled over the coals at a great rate.

Mr. Bellamy, however, knew that the eagle was not done and that he alone could finish it. So far from being disturbed, he chased the indignant officer out of his shop with one of his carving tools. The authorities themselves knew only too well that the carver was indispensable, and much against their will decided to overlook the flagrant offense. Mr. Bellamy, between snoozes, finished the Lancaster's figurehead in his own good time.

It is said that Hawthorne's story "Drowne's Wooden Image" was woven about a figurehead cut by Joseph True, of Salem, though the novelist probably took it upon himself to endow his ingenious young artisan with the attributes of Pygmalion. Be that as it may, it is declared that a Bath ship adorned by Ship Carver Sampson once entered a South Sea port, where the figure under her bow smote the dusky chieftain all aback. Forthwith he commissioned the skipper to have Sampson carve him a collection of idols for his devout subjects to worship; but history says not that the order ever was executed.

Modern ships are tricked out beyond the wildest dreams of the tarry old ship-owners. But all the care and skill is lavished upon their palatial interiors, and joiners, not ship carvers, do the work; just as they are sailed by knights of the monkey-wrench and oil-can, not by sailors.

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REMINISCENCES[1]

BY LYMAN ABBOTT

CHAPTER XIII

DISAPPOINTMENT

IN the winter of 1866 an independent Methodist church occupied a substantial though unpretentious edifice in Forty-first Street, New York City, just east of Sixth Avenue. In the rear of the church was what might have served for a convenient parish house, though it was before the days of the parish house. The minister had resigned, and the church was without a pastor. One Sunday, in the latter part of December, 1865, I was invited to preach in this church, and the following week a committee called on me to ask if I would consider a call to become the pastor. At almost the same time there came to me a call to one of the leading Congregational churches of Portland, Maine.

I had no difficulty in determining that I would accept one or the other of these calls. I was weary of the administrative details of the office; weary of the itineraries which continually took me away from home; weary of the stress of business which left me no time for study, still less for reading and reflection; weary, too, of leaving my wife with the whole care of the children, a narrow income, and often the added duty which she had assumed of looking after my correspondence in my absences. I had written her that I never saw a pulpit that I did not want to go into it and preach, or a pastor's study that I did not envy his companionship with its books.

Perhaps I may interject here the statement that, having been a lawyer, an author, an editor, a secretary, and a pastor, there is no profession which has for me so many attractions as the pastorate. The minister has more intimate personal friends than the lawyer, the doctor, or the business man; he deals with men and women usually when in their best moods; he preaches to an audience which is friendly and sympathetic and which desires a message if he has one to give; he has, or can have if he will, time and opportunity for study of the most fundamental themes, those which concern the building of character, both of the individual and of society; and if he has any personal consciousness of divine companionship, he has in that consciousness the greatest gift to bestow upon his friends which it is possible for one soul to bestow upon another. I wanted to get back into the ministry.

Which of these two calls to accept was a much more difficult question. The Portland church presented strong attractions. Portland is one of the most beautiful cities in the country—I am inclined to think quite the most beautiful, for situation, in New England. It is the commercial capital of Maine, and Maine was dear to us both: it was the State in which my wife was born and in which my boyhood was spent, and in it we had many friends and not a few relatives. The church was financially strong, with a cultured congregation, and it assured me an adequate income, opportunity for quiet study, and the possibilities of an influence throughout the State limited only by my abilities.

But my readers will already have discovered that I am naturally ambitious; that I have some pioneer blood in me; that new experiments attract me, and difficulties to be overcome have for me a peculiar fascination. These were the attractions of the New York church. It had neither financial nor social strength. Its ecclesiastical independence was fatal to its existence; it must affiliate itself with some Protestant denomination. Its location was inadvisable for a Congregational church; for it was only seven blocks away from the only really strong Congregational church in the city—the Broadway Tabernacle. Its new pastor must gather a congregation strong enough to move to a more favorable spot and build anew. In short, the Portland church was a full-grown man inviting me to unite with it in carrying on a work already organized; the New York church was an infant in its cradle, asking me to come and help it grow into manhood and organize and develop a man's work. In such crises the decision of the question my wife always left to me. An expression of her wish would have been conclusive; therefore she did not express a wish. With much hesitation, and

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not without some misgiving, I chose the more difficult undertaking. I was rather amused to read the next week in a Portland paper that I had declined the call to Portland in order to accept a call "somewhere else, where they are building a large new church in a great metropolis." Whether the editor was ever undeceived I do not know; I made no effort to undeceive him. For very early I had made it a rule of my life when accused not to undertake any self-defense, and when misreported not to make corrections; to give myself unreservedly to my work and leave my reputation to take care of itself. The study of the Gospels made it clear to me that this was habitually the course of my Master, and I followed the example which he set.

I accepted the call of the New York church on two conditions: it was to become a Congregational church; and it was, first, to call a Council of Congregational churches to determine whether it was wise to attempt the organization of a new Congregational church with this nucleus. Meanwhile I continued my work as secretary of the Freedmen's Union Commission. The Council was called. Nearly all the important churches of New York and Brooklyn were represented. The facts were laid before this body. It appeared that there was here a church membership of eighty, all of whom were favorable to the new enterprise, and a church property valued at forty thousand dollars, with a debt of twelve thousand dollars. Of this debt nine thousand dollars was secured by a mortgage on the property, three thousand dollars was a floating indebtedness. To get a church property worth forty thousand dollars for twelve thousand dollars seemed to the Council a good business proposition for the denomination.

There were only two Congregational churches in New York City (which then did not include Brooklyn)—the Broadway Tabernacle, on the corner of Thirty-fourth Street and Broadway, and the Pilgrim Congregational Church in Harlem, some four or five miles away. It seemed to the Council that in the great and growing city of New York there were room and work for another church of the Puritan faith and order, and the Council recommended that the church be reorganized as a Congregational church. At the same time it voted that "it is expedient that the whole of the debt upon this society (twelve thousand dollars) be immediately raised, and that a committee be appointed to solicit subscriptions for the same." I was ignorant of the meaning of ecclesiastical resolves and thought that the money was as good as secured. I found that all the resolution really meant was that I might go about among the churches with this resolution as an indorsement and get what money I could. I got three thousand dollars and paid off the floating debt and then stopped my canvassing. If I had been a wise man, I should have called the committee together and said to them: "Gentlemen, it is for you, on behalf of the denomination, to raise this money. If it is not raised, I shall go no further in this enterprise." But I was not wise.

In this collecting tour I met with one curious and somewhat instructive incident. Among the names given me was that of a wholesale and retail liquor dealer on South Street. For readers not familiar with New York City it should be said that South Street borders the East River, and that the saloons on this street are the drinking-places of sailors and longshoremen. I went in, inquired at the bar for the proprietor, was directed upstairs, found him in his office, stated my case, and got a subscription for fifty or a hundred dollars—I forget which. He would have been glad, he said, to give me more, but he was supporting two or three young men who were studying for the ministry. Curious are the contradictions in human nature. I took his contribution without hesitation and was sorry it was not more. I had not then learned that it is wrong to take for the Master's work money from the Master's enemies. I do not now believe that it is wrong.

In due time the floating debt of the church was paid, the church was reorganized, taking the name of the "New England Church," and I was installed as its pastor. It was not until April, 1867, a year and three months after the first calling of the Congregational Council, that the installation took place. At this time the pew rents had more than doubled, though they were still inadequate to meet current expenses; the church membership had grown from eighty to one hundred and twenty; my uncle Gorham, who had given up his school in New York City, had put his library of fifteen hundred volumes at my disposal, and a circulating library had been opened, into which one thousand volumes had been put; the Sunday-school had been reorganized and increased in numbers, and a Young People's Social Union of upwards of eighty members had been formed.

This would have been an encouraging

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record for a church in a growing town or a growing section of the city. In Brooklyn four prosperous Congregational churches had been developed out of a less promising beginning. But they had been situated in rapidly growing sections, and Plymouth Church (Mr. Beecher's) and the Church of the Pilgrims (Dr. Storrs') had both encouraged such of their own members as were residing in the neighborhood of the new churches to transfer thither their membership. These churches were indeed, in their beginning, almost colonies of the older churches. The New England Church was not in a growing section; and it was the avowed policy of Dr. Thompson, the pastor of the Broadway Tabernacle, our nearest Congregational neighbor, to keep one large Congregational church in the metropolis rather than to colonize at the hazard of weakening that church. At the end of two more years a hundred and twenty members had been added to the church. But they had not brought into it either social prestige or large financial resources, and they had not as their pastor a preacher who had the eloquence to attract a non-church-going congregation.

The experiences of a struggling parish are not especially interesting reading. A few incidents only are worth narrating here.

My church salary was small, but it enabled me to make some reduction in my salary as Secretary of the Freedmen's Union Commission, an office which I continued to fill during the whole period treated of in this chapter, and I threw upon assistants in the office details of administration which they could attend to at least as well as, and probably much better than, I could. After my summer vacation in August, 1866, I wrote to my wife, who remained in the country with the children: "When I first came back, Mr. Shaw and Mr. McKim [associated with me in the Commission] came to me and suggested the propriety of dispensing with either Mr. R—— or Mr. K——. There was nothing for them to do. Since my return to the office, though I am at the office very little, I keep them both busy. I do not think either has had much leisure. And now I have called in the service of a third." There are two characteristically opposite rules of action: one, If you want anything done, do it yourself; the other, Never do yourself what you can get any one else to do. The latter has throughout my life, whether as secretary, editor, or pastor, been my rule; and it has always left me enough to do.

My journeys for the Commission were continued, but were timed so as not to interfere, except on rare occasions, with my Sunday duties at the church. I revived the habit, formed first at Farmington and continued at Terre Haute, of spending the week in courses of study, and basing my sermons on such general preparations. My sermons were partly written and partly extemporized; but the writing was generally done at a single sitting. The studies which I had pursued in Terre Haute in the life of Christ I resumed. I have always regarded books as the necessary tools of my profession; had invested in them with some liberality in Terre Haute, and now began again to purchase, concentrating my purchases almost exclusively upon books relating to Christ's life or to the interpretation of the New Testament.

In November, 1868, I was able to make a contract with Harper & Brothers to prepare every month five or six pages of book reviews for the Literary Department of their Monthly Magazine, an arrangement which insured me a good supply of modern American publications of importance. My wife read the novels, and on her reports I based my reviews of the current fiction. At the same time I contracted with the same house to prepare for publication a Life of Christ, and set myself at once to the task of preparation. It was about this time, I judge, that I formed the habit, which I kept up, with some intermissions, for nearly twenty years, of rising about daybreak, in winter much earlier, making myself a cup of coffee, and, with this and a roll, working for a couple of hours before the family breakfast. At the same time I cut off all reading and writing at night, keeping my evenings free for social and public engagements, with an occasional evening at home with my wife and children. My experience is that using the eyes in the early morning after a night's rest is better than using them in the evening after a day's work. This also enabled me to get a considerable amount of literary work done in the course of a year, and have the daylight hours free for parish and office duties.

I did not confine myself, however, in my studies to the New Testament nor to the miscellaneous reading involved in my work as a reviewer. I find from my correspondence that in 1866 I was studying Herbert Spencer, but I do not find any indication

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LYMAN ABBOTT

From a photograph taken at about the time dealt with in this chapter

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that I was studying either Darwin or Huxley; probably not, for my interest was primarily in philosophy, only incidentally and indirectly in science. As my boyhood's study of Jonathan Edwards had established my faith in the freedom of the will, so my study of Herbert Spencer confirmed my rejection of the rationalistic philosophy and my acceptance of the philosophy to which in recent years Rudolf Eucken has given such splendid interpretation. It has interested me to find, in a letter written to my wife in 1866, a statement of that philosophy in almost the very words in which Eucken has stated it. In this letter to her I defined the subject of one of my sermons in the following words: "We are not to know God by studying about him, but by experiencing him." And I added: "God is to be known through the spiritual faculties, not through the intellectual faculties. The latter do not give a knowledge of God, but only a knowledge of truths about him.

I did not confine myself to a study of books. The same desire for first-hand knowledge which had sent me to Tennessee and Virginia to study the conditions in the South before beginning my work in the Union Commission sent me into some of the worst wards in New York City to acquaint myself with social conditions in the metropolis. Of one of these visits of inspection I gave a brief account in a letter to my wife; of the other a fuller account in a letter published in the New York "Independent." A condensation of the latter may serve to give the reader a little glimpse into conditions in certain regions of New York City in the years 1866–7. These conditions are bad enough now, but have greatly improved since then, partly by the force of public opinion, partly by the force of law.

In a previous letter to the "Congregationalist" of Boston, of which I was the New York correspondent, I had described the saloon conditions in New York City prior to the enactment of the Excise Law of 1866. As described in that communication they now seem to me almost incredible. But that description was based on a careful study, partly of official documents, partly of actual conditions ascertained by a personal investigation. Upon it the following paragraph is based:

The License Law of the State legally applied to the city, but it was practically inapplicable and actually inoperative. Out of nearly ten thousand retail dealers only four hundred went through the form of obtaining a license. The rest were absolutely free. There was no power under the law to limit the number of saloons. One ward contained a liquor shop to every forty-seven persons, and one of the best wards in the city contained one saloon to every one hundred and thirty-one persons. There was no power to determine by whom the traffic should be carried on, nor to close disorderly places, nor to regulate the times of opening and closing. Not a few saloons were open for business every day in the year and every hour in the day. The poorer classes of groceries were, generally, also liquor saloons, where a great pretense of boxes and barrels was made to hide an unpretentious but busy bar. There wives of the poorer classes used to gossip and learned, insensibly, to drink, astounding their husbands by the quantity of groceries consumed by the family as indicated by the weekly bill. In over two hundred concert saloons women and music added to the attractiveness of the bar, and about twelve hundred barmaids and waitresses were busy every night, and busiest of all Sunday evenings. The Excise Law of May, 1866, was enacted to remedy some of these conditions. It gave to the metropolitan Board of Police the powers of an Excise Board; placed the whole retail liquor traffic of New York and Brooklyn under their oversight, and absolutely prohibited all sale of liquor except by such persons as the Excise Board, thus constituted, should license. Among other regulations it compelled the concert saloons to choose between wine and women. Some of them dismissed the women and retained the wine, others retained the women and substituted tea and coffee for the wine, while many of them were compelled to discontinue altogether.

In 1868 a vigorous attempt was made to repeal this law and reinstate the old conditions of free liquor. The ministers were requested to preach upon the subject. To prepare myself, I resolved to make a visit, under the guidance of a policeman, to some of the quarters most affected. The description which follows I condense from an account which I wrote at the time for the New York "Independent:"

My guide first takes me to a concert hall, where "two melancholy fiddlers, perched up in one corner, their heads against the ceiling, are torturing two song victims that protest with great agony against their tormentors'

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treatment," and "half a dozen miserable-looking hags and half a dozen more coarse-looking Irish girls, dressed in second-hand tawdry garments of a third-rate theatrical ballet dancer, in which a very little undeceptive gilt shines through a great deal of very substantial dirt," furnish the partners for the dance. The proprietor does not conceal his wrath at the Excise Law. "'All that Jack wants,' he says, 'is a glass of whisky. As it used to be, he would come in here, have a dance, take his rum, and then we were all right. He was sure to spend his money before morning and ship the next day. Now he comes in, dances, calls for a drink, can get nothing but soda water, and disappears. I paid $1,000 for a place—$1,000! and I'd sell out to-night for $300.'" We mentally thank him for his testimony to the value of the Excise Law and depart.

A visit to an establishment which was formerly a combination of prize-ring and cock-pit gives me a glimpse of the formerly flaunting schools of vice in New York City, and also an idea of what reformers are doing to control this business. "An ill-lighted room, with rows of seats, roughly constructed out of unplaned boards, rising one above another to the roof and completely encircling the room; a vat or pit on the floor, perhaps sixteen feet in length by ten in width; half a dozen dogs, confined beneath the seats, that struggle with their chains for freedom as we enter; a sleepy-looking black bear, sole occupant of the pit, are the characteristic features of the coliseum of the American metropolis. Here two ragged roosters are set to peck each other's life out, or two dogs are stimulated to worry and wound each other, or are set to fray poor bruin, while a hundred or so of New York's lowest classes look on the sport! And this is all that Christianity has left of the horrible gladiatorial combats which, in the palmy days of Rome, her noblest men and most refined and cultured women witnessed with delight and stimulated with applause. And even this is no longer. 'Poor old bruin,' says Kit Byrnes, in a melancholy tone, 'he can earn his bread no more. Mr. Bergh, with his Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, has stopped all our sports. No more cock-fighting; no more bear-baiting.' And we fancy we discern a tear in the veteran's eye, as he calls to remembrance the palmy days of Mayor Wood's mayoralty."

Perhaps the most interesting visit is to the residence of a man who rejoices in the newspaper reputation of being the wickedest man in New York and is apparently rather proud of his reputation. Whether it was deserved or not I do not know. He is interesting to me as a psychological study. He has two boys who are his pride, and their education is his really laudable ambition—the one grain of salt left in him that has not lost its savor. One of these boys he counted smart. "I am going," he says, "to make a United States Senator of him." The other "isn't so smart. I am going to make a minister of him." He stood the smart one on the table and put him through an extemporized examination to show his smartness. As we turned to go away the father said to me, in very quiet tones, not to give himself away to the bystanders: "I am going to get the boys out of this; I have got three brothers who are ministers, and I am going to send the boys to one of them to be educated." Strange contradiction of human nature, that preserves the father's better instincts in such an atmosphere and life as that to which he has given himself.

One other incident in this period of my life is a letter written by my father to my wife, which I have found among her special treasures:

"260 Greene Street,
"February 18, 1868.

"*My dear Daughter:*

"I have long been desirous of making a moderate contribution in token of my good wishes toward the New England Church enterprise, but it has not been convenient for me until now. And as I do not know of any way by which aid can be rendered to such an enterprise more advantageously than by doing something to strengthen the hands and encourage the heart of the minister's wife, I send my contribution directly to you. If you infer from my doing so that I appreciate the great value of the aid which you have rendered and are constantly rendering to Lyman in his work, the absolute fidelity, the untiring perseverance and the exhaustless patience and good humor which you evince in the performance of your innumerable duties, and the important influence exerted by what you do in securing the results, you will not be very far wrong.

"I wish the money inclosed to be expended in personal indulgences and enjoyments for yourself—such as may tend to afford you

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rest, recreation, and encouragement, and so strengthen you for future labors.

"It is to be understood that any gratifications which this money may procure are for yourself alone. Lyman is to have no share in them except so far as he makes himself so agreeable that the enjoyment for *you* is heightened by his being allowed in some measure to partake of it!!—a condition which I am sorry to say you can't trust all husbands to fulfill. FATHER."

This letter was intended for no eyes but hers, and possibly mine; but I venture to print it here because I want the reader to know both my father and my wife, the two persons to whom I owe more than to any others both the successes and the joys of my life.

I shall not delay long in relating the tragic incident with which my too ambitious ministerial venture in New York City came to its inevitable end. I do not find it agreeable to live over that sad time; and I have neither the desire nor the ability to excite, by a dramatic story, the pleasantly painful emotions of a sympathetic reader.

The wealthiest member of the New England Church was a man of warm heart and generous impulses, and was devoted to his wife and six children, who repaid his devotion with loyal affection. So devoted was he to his children that he resolved to give to them a cultural education which he himself had never enjoyed, and he therefore sent them abroad for a year of education and travel in Europe, under the care of a governess who, in the experiences I am about to narrate, proved herself possessed of good judgment, singular poise, and a cheerful womanly courage which personal danger could not daunt and a great burden of responsibility could not perturb.

Shortly after their departure the father was attacked by a mysterious illness—mysterious to me and, I believe, also to his physicians. There appeared in it to be combined some of the elements of malaria and neurasthenia. In this illness he became possessed of the idea that one of his children was about to die and he would never see her again. It was not possible for him to go abroad. Both business exigencies and health forbade. He dared not call for them to come home lest they should be lost at sea. In this state of singular dread, which physicians and friends in vain endeavored to combat, he grasped at the idea that if his pastor would consent to go for them, all would be well. This semi-religious faith which his already diseased mind reposed in my special guardianship touched me deeply. I was reluctant to leave my church in its critical condition when a six weeks' absence by its pastor might seriously affect its future, and still more reluctant to leave my wife to bear alone the responsibility of the children and of the pastorate, which latter she had always shared with me. But when the trustees voted a six weeks' vacation, and one of them gave me assurance that my wife's financial needs should be cared for in my absence, I gave my consent, and in December, 1868, sailed for Europe. An ocean trip was much more enjoyable and much less luxurious then than now. Our staterooms were lighted by a candle, which occupied a little triangular cubby-hole between two rooms and was extinguished by the steward at eleven o'clock. Electric bells were unknown; when a passenger wanted a steward, he called down the passageway for him. On the other hand, the upper deck had no roof or cover of any kind, and I recall even now with delight one day when for several hours I stood beside the smoke-stack, and dodged behind it when the spray from the waves swept over the deck, while we pounded our way through what the captain called "the tail of a cyclone." If that was the thrashing of his tail, I did not care to meet his body.

My parishioner's children were at school at Brussels. I was in haste to meet them, and landed at Queenstown, going thence with the mail to London, which I reached on Sunday morning in time to attend a service at Westminster Abbey. Monday night or Tuesday morning found me in Brussels. The governess had taken the children to Paris to give them a glimpse of that city before sailing for home, and I followed them.

Upon my arrival the governess informed me that one of the children was ill—if I remember aright, the eldest daughter, a girl of sixteen or eighteen—and a doctor had been sent for. He came, and the next day pronounced the disease, as I understood at the time, typhus fever; but whether it was typhus or typhoid I had afterward some reason to doubt. Three other of the children sickened, one after the other, and the one first attacked died. The father's fear had been realized; the guardian whom he trusted had not been able to guard his child.

Fortunately Miss B—— had secured her accommodations in a small hotel—so small that

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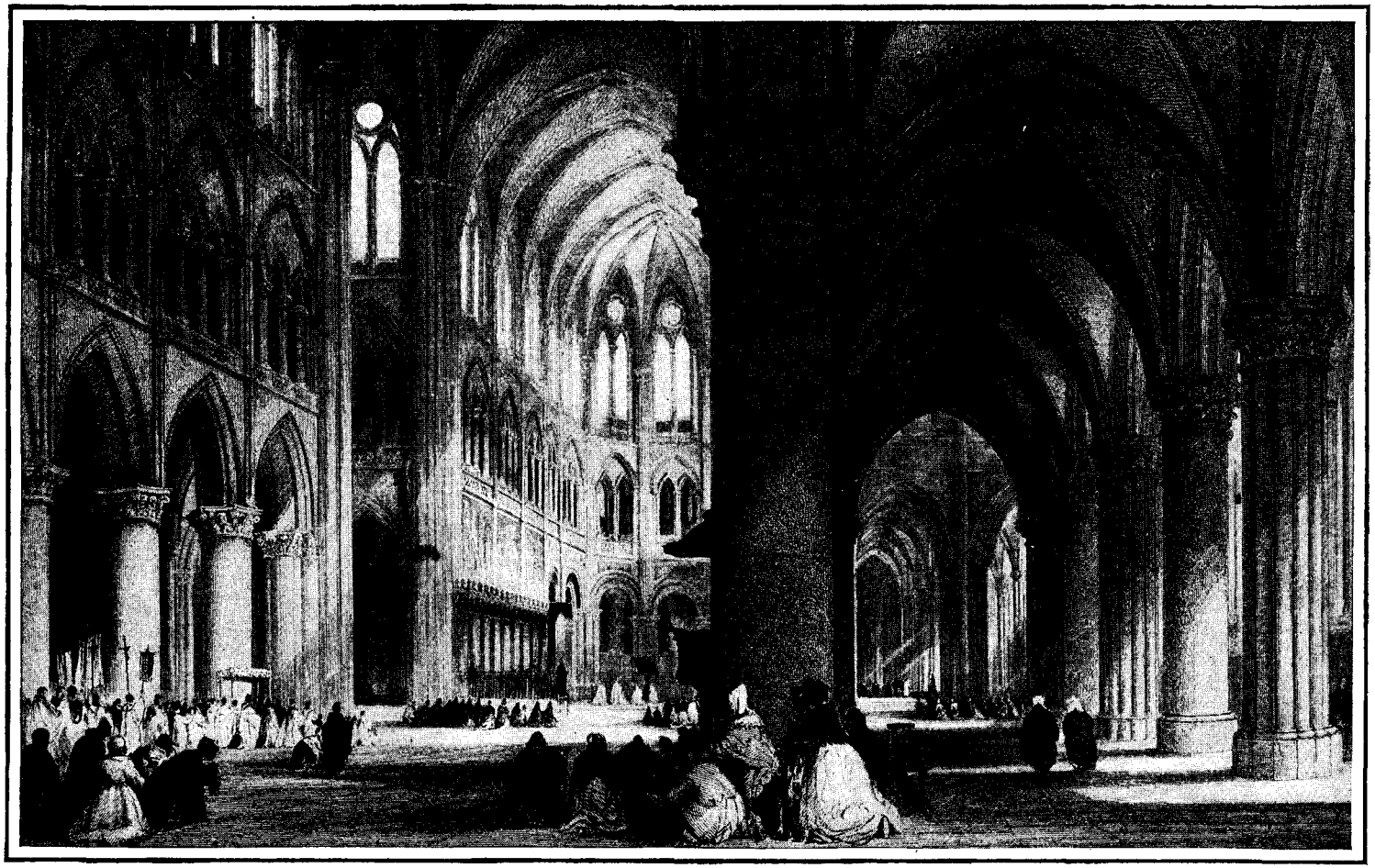

FROM AN OLD ENGRAVING

INTERIOR OF THE CATHEDRAL OF NOTRE DAME IN PARIS

See page 222 for Dr. Abbott's impression of a service in Notre Dame which he attended on his first visit to the French capital. The majesty and vastness of the cathedral are emphasized in this picture, made about the middle of the nineteenth century

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our party of eight constituted its most important patrons. We therefore escaped the inconveniences and discomforts which some travelers have described as their experience in time of illness in a Parisian hotel. We could not have been treated with more consideration had we been with old friends. Fortunately, too, we had plenty of money at our disposal, and wanted for nothing which money could buy. Some Sisters from a near-by convent served the purposes now served by the professional nurse; we had the best of physicians; and, looking back, we could assure ourselves that nothing had been left undone which medical science could do for the sick ones in our extemporized hospital.

I am not fitted to be a nurse, and save for some night watching as a relief for Miss B—— I did no nursing. But I took the two well children out every day, and I succeeded with some difficulty in persuading Miss B—— to go out for an hour every day by pointing out to her how terrible would be the consequences to all of us if she were to break down under the strain which she so bravely bore. Thus I myself got, and secured for the others, a glimpse of Paris, and made it my special business to see that during these daily excursions we forgot for the hour the sick-rooms and their sorrows. I hope that I succeeded better with Miss B—— and the children than with myself, for of the Paris of that strange visit nothing remains in my mind except one Sabbath service in the Cathedral of Notre Dame, when the veterans of the Napoleonic wars from the Hôtel des Invalides attended, stood in the center aisle, and presented arms when the Host was elevated. Nineteen years after, the one thing I most wanted my wife to see when we visited Paris was this service, and we went to the Cathedral. But it was in the time of the Republic, the Napoleonic wars were forgotten, and there was no military mass.

What is the present habit of France I know not, but under Napoleon III all funerals were conducted by the State. They were numbered from one to twenty, and, according to one's means, one could have anything from a pauper's burial, with a pine box for a coffin and for a grave an indistinguishable place in a long trench with other paupers, to an imposing pageant, with a plumed hearse, a long procession of carriages, and hired mourners to ride in them. I went to the proper official, selected the funeral we wished—a hearse and two carriages. As we passed through the streets to the vault where the body was to be kept till I could embark with it for America, the bystanders on the sidewalk stopped and stood at attention, the men bare-headed, as a token of respect for the sorrow of those who were to them utter strangers. It was a little thing; but ever since my heart has been warm to the French people. I had some difficulty in arranging for the embarkation of the body. Sailors have a superstitious dread of sailing on the same ship with the dead. The Cunard Line refused to take the body at all; the French Line finally consented to accept it packed in a box labeled "a specimen of natural history"—of course in French. I resolved then that never when I had control would I allow the body of one whom I loved to be transported as common freight and handled by careless and indifferent strangers.

I left Miss B—— with the three sick children—convalescing, but not yet strong enough for the voyage—and took my journey home across a winter-swept Atlantic, with the two well children and the dead body of a third. It was a sad home-coming. I brought the dead to the dying, for the father had failed in my absence and the physicians gave no hope of his recovery. And I came home to a sick wife and a divided church. The New York "Times" had published a cable report of an epidemic of fever in Brussels—the schools dispersed, many stores closed, the streets deadened by tan-bark, or in some cases closed to traffic. The censor had not allowed these facts to be published in France. My wife knew more than I did. And she read this account before she got my letter announcing the illness of the children. She knew me as one from childhood careless of myself and cared for by others. My cablegram that we had embarked brought her no relief, for the ten days' voyage gave ample time for the development of the dread disease, and even for it to run its course and reach a fatal result. This anxiety, added to the parish anxieties of the previous months culminating in my absence, had broken, not her courageous spirit, but her never over-strong body. She had that spring three hemorrhages from the lungs, one slight, two somewhat serious. She awaited in bed the news from the arriving ship, uncertain whether it would bring her husband to her living or dead. Her pale face from the pillow greeted me

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with a smile that lingers in my memory yet, and gave me assurance that my coming was better medicine for her exhausted nerves than any that the doctor could give to her.

I was also confronted by a division in opinion and policy which had appeared in the church during my absence. A minority, though an important and influential minority, had grown weary of raising every year a deficiency in revenue, which, though decreasing, gave no immediate promise of disappearing. We all agreed that a change of location was necessary. The minority was not willing to wait until our very gradual growth had made us strong enough to move, but wished to move at once, in order to gather strength. They had, therefore, in my absence brought forward a proposal to sell the church property and to lease a church in Madison Avenue. They rightly judged that I was not the man to lead in such an enterprise, and proposed to substitute a popular preacher who would be expected to gather by his eloquence a crowd, as Dr. Talmage had done in Brooklyn, and Dr. W. H. H. Murray had done in Boston. To carry on the existing enterprise with either a divided or a weakened church was out of the question. I promptly resigned; the majority handed over the control of the church to the minority; the church on Forty-first Street was sold; a church on Madison Avenue was leased; the popular preacher was secured; the church lived in its new quarters on its capital for a little over two years, and then, its money gone, dissolved.

Meanwhile, I had ascertained that Cornwall was the nearest point to New York City where my wife could escape the fogs and damps of the Atlantic coast and live in a comparatively dry mountain air. The previous summer we had made trial of the place, for we had boarded there while I wrote, during the week, my Life of Christ and went back and forth for the Sunday services. We moved to Cornwall and took a furnished house. The rent was the same whether we took the house for the summer or for a year; naturally we took it for the year.

It was a little over nine years since I had left the law for the ministry with a passionate ambition to become a great preacher and have some share in the ethical and the spiritual development of the Nation. Looking back, I think now that my first years in Terre Haute had not been wholly unsuccessful. But I had accomplished so much less than I had hoped that my pastorate seemed to me a failure. Then I had entered on a National work which I hoped to make my life-work. It had lasted four years. When in Terre Haute, I had written to my wife that I longed for a church of earnest, active members, like-minded with myself, that we might grow together into some approximation to my ideal of what a church of Christ should be. The opportunity had been given to me, and the result of my three years' ministry was an invalid wife, a discouraged church, a disheartened minister. I could have found then, looking back I can find now, in untoward circumstances, some explanation of my failure. But I have always thought it better to look for causes of one's failure in one's self rather than in one's circumstances. When I looked to myself, what I found was that my ambitions were too great for my abilities. I had not the capacity to do what I had hoped to do, nor to be what I had hoped to be. My ambitious hopes were ended.

But my wife's courage forbade my fears; her faith in me inspired faith in myself. I could not be a great preacher nor a great statesman, but I could still be a useful citizen. To that humble rôle in life I resolved to devote myself. Our entire assured and regular income was fifty dollars a month from Harper's Magazine for editing the Book Table. The rent of our Cornwall house was six hundred dollars a year. Thus our whole assured income was pledged for our rent. The rest of our expenses I must earn by my pen. To this task I set myself, with what results will appear in the next chapter.

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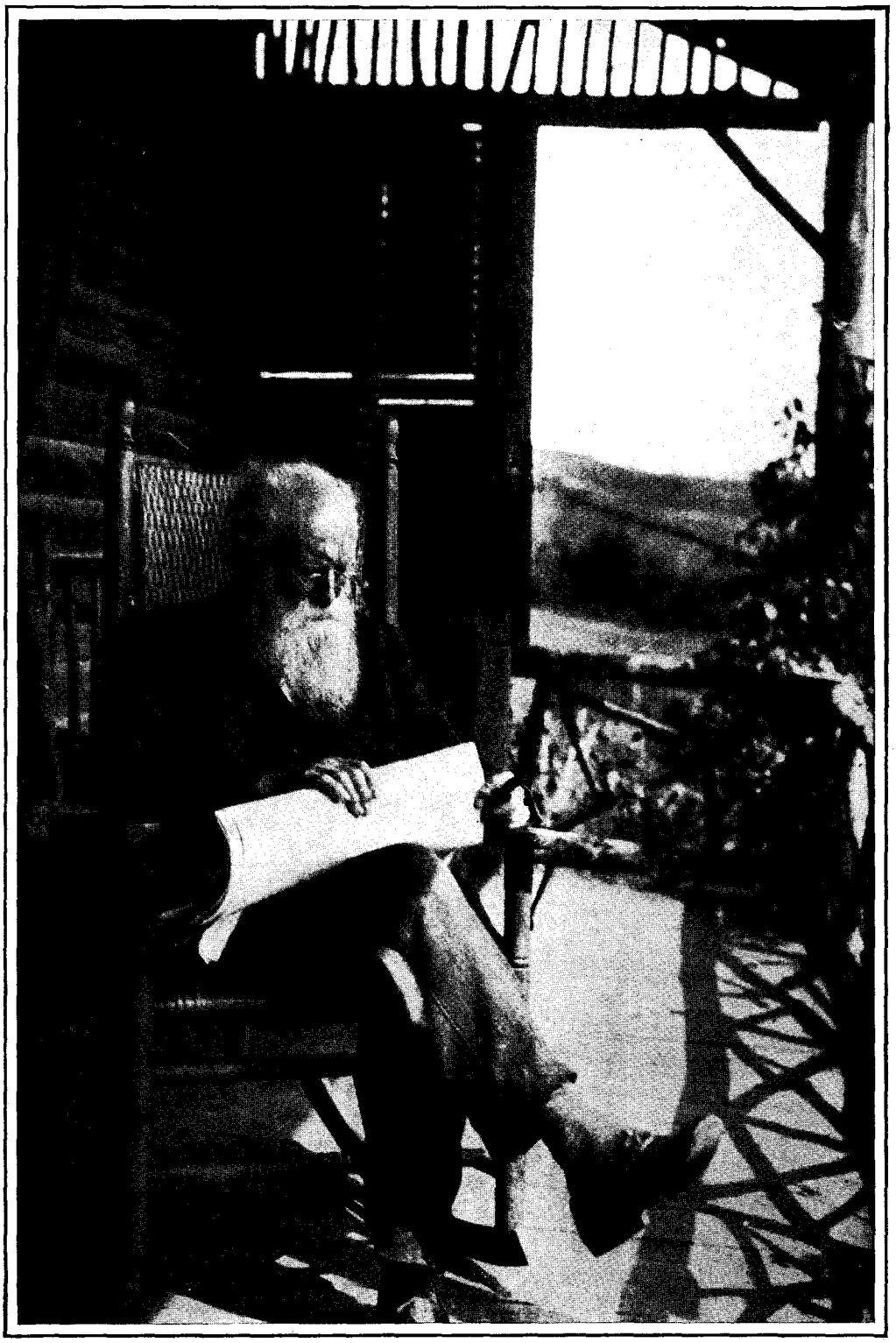

JOHN BURROUGHS READING THE WAR NEWS AT WOODCHUCK LODGE

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JOHN BURROUGHS AND HIS HAUNTS

BY ALBERT HOUGHTON PRATT

WITH PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR

"WEST PARK!" called the trainman. I reached for my hat and glanced at my neighbors, almost expecting them to arouse from the apathy of the journey and show the stir of concern that is seen when a matter of unusual interest is imminent. The passengers saw only a small station on the west shore of the Hudson and a few houses straggling along a road that lost itself in a range of wooded hills. To me, however, it was a veritable Mecca, for over the brow of that hill lay Slabsides, the goal of many pilgrimages. To this rustic lodge have come all manner of men and women to do honor to the man who has taught the simple life and sent his visitors away with an increased perspective for the things in life that really count.

But my pilgrimage was different. Never before had any one approached with the hope of accomplishing the purpose for which I was there on that perfect spring morning. For I had come to secure moving pictures of John Burroughs in his haunts, so that the Mecca of the fortunate few might be brought to all.

We stepped from the train, adjusted the camera, and looked for a setting for our first picture. Fortune favored us. Two others were left by the departing train, a man and a woman. Necessity called for a prompt introduction, which was at once effected without the aid of a third party. The woman, a friend of John Burroughs, was bringing to the philosopher of nature a true American, a Winnebago Indian, who, after receiving an advanced degree from Yale, was on his way West to devote his life to the Indians of the plains. What more could we ask for? Here was a real Indian to give spice to the group.

Hardly had explanations ended and our new acquaintances consented to act as "composition" for the picture, when Mr. Burroughs was seen coming down a shady path to meet us. On he came, waving his hand in greeting, a dog bounding on before him. The operator turned the crank, and as Mr. Burroughs seized our hands and pointed to a robin building a nest on the cross-piece of a near-by telegraph pole the first scene of our little drama was enacted.

Then up the path we went, along a country road arched with trees as old as the Republic, Mr. Burroughs naming the birds whose songs were filling our ears with a chorus of delight. Within five minutes we heard the notes of the three varieties of vireo, and then, turning in at the gateway in a high stone wall, we saw the gray gables and quaint vine-covered doorway of Riverby, the picturesque house of rough-hewn stone which Mr. Burroughs built forty years ago when he left Washington and chose this place on the banks of the Hudson as his permanent home.

Here was the place to expose more film. On the lawn between the house and the river is a well with a stone coping. Again the reel moved. Mr. Burroughs, carrying a bucket, stepped from the doorway, and, on reaching the well, started to draw the water, when a joyous shout of children's voices caused him to look up, and, racing to meet him, came his two granddaughters and his grandson, John Burroughs II. The small boy was seized, tossed up on his shoulder, and while the little girls encouraged the demonstrations of Bunty, the small dog, Mrs. Burroughs and Dr. Barrus—Mr. Burroughs's biographer—joined the group, and we wished the supply of film had been unlimited so that we could have continued to register for all time that family group.

For Mr. Burroughs, Riverby meant back to the soil, after years of exile in the Treasury Department at Washington. It was there, while sitting in front of a great vault, that he returned in memory to the scenes of his boyhood, roamed again the hills of Delaware County, and fished for trout in the Pepacton. These memories of sunshine and storm, of fields and forests, were written down with the crispness of the invigorating Catskill air, and the result was his first nature book, "Wake Robin."

For generations the Burroughs family had been farmers. The force of this inheritance at last became irresistible, and in 1874 Riverby was chosen as the place for a home. The stones were hewn near by and set in place under Mr. Burroughs's supervision. Some of the stones in the chimney he placed himself. One day, finding that his mason

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did not come, he climbed up and began building the chimney. The old Scotch mason, whose home was on the east shore of the Hudson, and who crossed the river every night by ferry, saw from the opposite bank a man at work on his job. He hastened across, half intoxicated. On seeing who was doing his work he felt easier, and after surveying it said:

"Weel, you are a hahndy mahn!"

At this spot, six miles above Poughkeepsie, the river bends to the east, so that the West Shore Railroad leaves the river edge and passes back of the village; the Burroughs farm, sloping to the shore, furnishes an ideal site for a vineyard. Mr. Burroughs started plowing, and in his vigorous prose described his feelings thus:

"How I soaked up the sunshine to-day! At night I glowed all over; my whole being had had an earth bath; such a feeling of freshly plowed land in every cell of my brain! The furrow had struck in, the sunshine had photographed itself upon my soul."

For forty years, aided of late by his son Julian, he alternated grape culture with literature. Some of the choicest table grapes in the New York market came from Riverby. The California grapes at length began to come East, so that now, instead of selling for twenty-five cents a pound, three or four cents is all that can be obtained.

So, as we looked over the green and sturdy vines on one of whose supports a wren was bringing up her little family, Mr. Burroughs told us that next spring the vines would be torn up and the slope seeded with grass. It was evident that we were just in time to secure a record of John Burroughs of the vineyard. The camera was again in readiness; Mr. Burroughs, in his shirt-sleeves, seized a hoe and attacked the weeds with such energy that the film with difficulty kept the pace. All who see that picture will realize that old age has no terror for John Burroughs, notwithstanding his seventy-seven years.

To escape the restrictions of a well-ordered household, Burroughs built a bark study a few hundred feet from the house. Here in this "study," surrounded with books on three sides and a rough stone fireplace on the other, many books and articles were written. At intervals an observer may see Mr. Burroughs appear at the door and walk a few feet to a summer-house; here he sits reading a magazine or dreaming of the wonders of nature. Below him, stretching away for miles in either direction, lies the majestic Hudson. But he turns away with a shake of his great gray head and says: "This great river has no real place in my life. I long for the Pepacton and the mountain streams of my youth." A record of the haunts of John Burroughs, therefore, is not complete without this walk to the summer-house. But, as our moving picture plainly shows, from Mr. Burroughs's point of view nothing is really complete without John B. II, who runs in, breaks upon the thoughts of nature's wonders, and is caught up and borne to a near-by tree to look into a bird-box and find out whether or not it has been selected for a nest.

As years passed the fame of Riverby grew; visitors increased in numbers, until it became evident that something must be done or all work would cease. Years before, Walt Whitman and John Burroughs explored the densely wooded hills about two miles back from the river. There was one spot in particular that attracted them—a hollow on the edge of a peat bog. It was surrounded by lichen-covered ledges and heavy vines, giving an indescribable sense of isolation, of closeness with nature. There Mr. Burroughs built Slabsides, a substantial two-story shack made of rough-hewn timbers. Here one could commune with nature undisturbed. When the spirit of writing was upon him, Mr. Burroughs would live here alone, keeping house backwoodsman fashion while he gave us many masterpieces.

The hours were rushing by, with Slabsides, the best of all, still to be recorded. But first a scene most incongruous in character was to be enacted. We were to see this child of the soil, this man who delights in primitive nature, crank his Ford car, and, with little John on the front seat, drive off with all the steady assurance of an expert chauffeur, which, indeed, he really is.

The Ford having been pictured with signal success, back we went to the West Park Station, across the track, and along the road winding toward the hills. A quarter of a mile and a rough path appeared on the left. This trail leads straight over the mountain to Slabsides, and needs a good pair of lungs and a steady foot to compass it. It was by this path that Mr. Burroughs took Theodore Roosevelt and Mrs. Roosevelt on their first visit. We intended to photograph Mr. Burroughs climbing up, but we failed to take into account the weight of the

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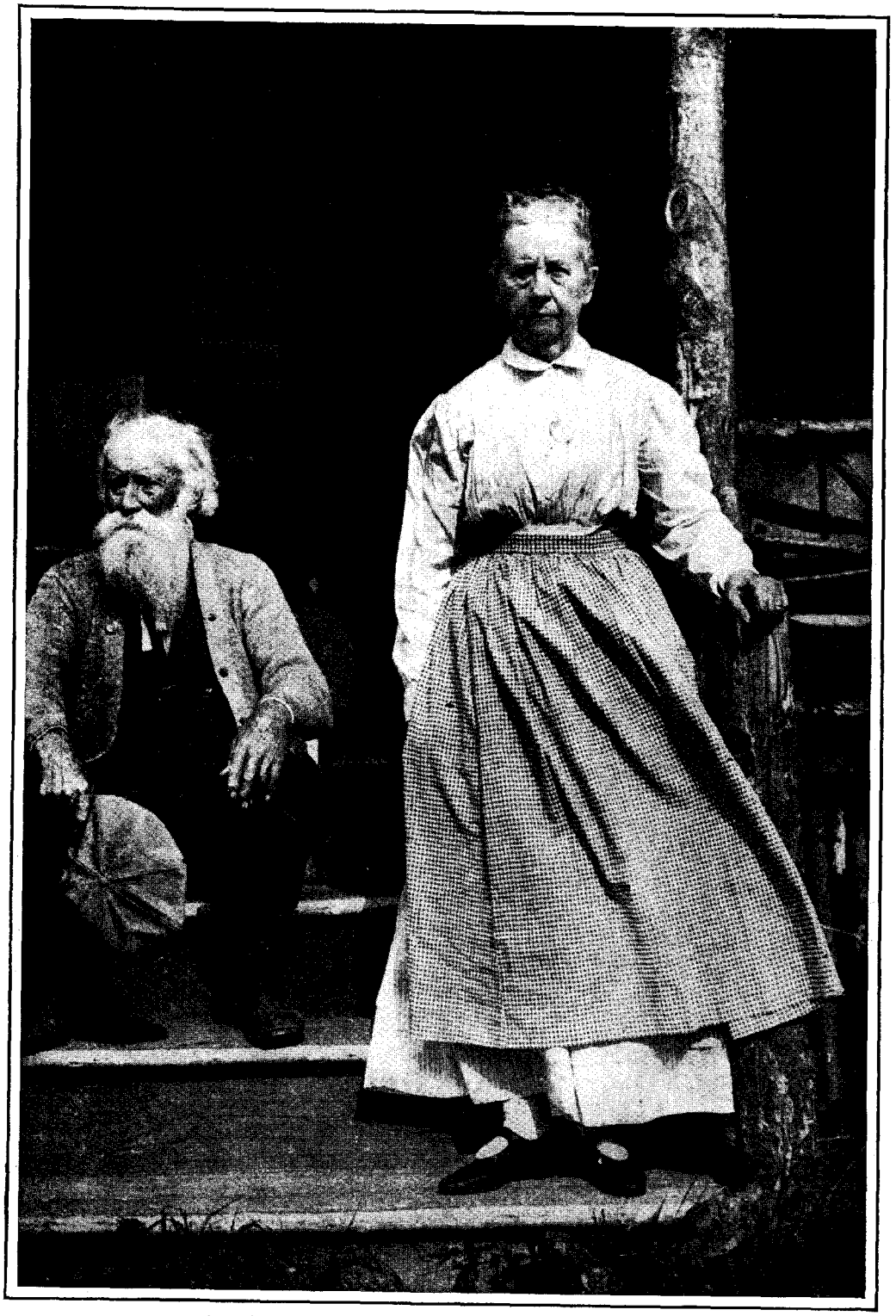

MR. AND MRS. BURROUGHS AT WOODCHUCK LODGE

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camera, that tipped the scales at eighty pounds, and which seemed increasingly heavy as we progressed. There was nothing to do but forego the trail and follow the wood road, that, after all, proved most picturesque. The film showed Mr. Burroughs, hat in hand, walking up this road; the pine and hemlocks almost meet overhead and cast dancing shadows over the road as Mr. Burroughs climbs. At a turn he stops a moment and picks up a staff to aid in the last steep ascent. At last he reaches a rocky ledge in whose base is a cave. This is the refrigerator of Slabsides. Here are kept the butter, milk, and eggs. One very hot day a party of Vassar girls got this far and ventured into the cave; the deliciously cool temperature was so attractive that it was with difficulty that Mr. Burroughs persuaded them to come forth.

Stopping here a moment to see that all is well, he climbs the ladder up the face of the cliff and is at Slabsides. This leads to the back door, but was used in this instance for picturesque effect. A delegation from the Burroughs Club which had arrived during the day now appeared, paying its respect to the man from whom comes their inspiration. They are seen mounting the steps, greeted by the veteran naturalist, and are invited in to write their names in the visitors' book.

We gather around him as he talks of the book of nature, the marvelous story told by the rocks. He lives again for us those days in Washington when Lincoln was President and Walt Whitman dropped in every Sunday morning for breakfast. But whether we talked of Washington, or the first trip to England, when the young Burroughs with two companions guarded $50,000,000 of United States bonds, or the trip through the Yellowstone with Roosevelt, or the Alaskan expedition with Harriman, Mr. Burroughs always reverted to those boyhood days in Roxbury, New York, where he went to school in the little old red school-house with Jay Gould, and where in the woods or by the trout streams he laid the foundation for that vast fund of nature lore that is at once the delight and despair of his readers. If one is to know the real John Burroughs, it is evident that he must be seen among his native hills.

And so with the setting sun the chance for more pictures was over and a day we will delight to remember was at an end. But not so my desire to see Mr. Burroughs at Woodchuck Lodge. So at one is he here with the environment of his youth, so intimate his sentiment for the mountains which he says now stand to him for his father and his mother, that it really seems as if he had sipped of the spring of eternal youth. The weight of years slips away and there comes a mental and physical vigor that explains how the work of his pen in his seventy-eighth year is of even greater power and interest than any previous writing.

My delight can be imagined when in September I received a card asking me to become for a few days one of the family at Woodchuck Lodge.

The journey from the West Shore station at Weehawken is one of continued scenic interest, with pretty little suburban towns, then the Hudson and the majestic Highlands. Our stopping-place is Roxbury, a town of less than five hundred population, the early home of the Burroughs and Gould families. As we slow down at the station there is Mr. Burroughs in the Ford car waiting to take us to Woodchuck Lodge.

Up the main street we speed (but not over fifteen miles an hour!), past the Gould memorial church and the attractive home of Mrs. Shepard, across the Pepacton—immortal because a certain young man made an excursion to its outlet and later wrote about it—past the stone school-house, built in 1813, where Johnny Burroughs experienced his first day in school, through some dairy farms and up the hill to Woodchuck Lodge.

Mrs. Burroughs, her gingham apron fluttering in the breeze, was on the porch to greet us and to announce that supper was almost ready; also, would I prefer the spare room upstairs or to share the porch with Mr. Burroughs? Of course I chose the latter. The spare room had no charms compared with the chance to occupy a cot on the porch with the veteran naturalist.

Hardly had the stains of travel been removed by an application of cold spring water than we were called to supper, which was served in the living-room. The table, and indeed all the furniture, was made by Mr. Burroughs, who delighted to use wherever possible sticks of strange and fantastic shapes. But the supper itself—it is difficult to find words adequate to describe it! The mountain air and Mrs. Burroughs's delicious cooking formed a combination that could not be surpassed.

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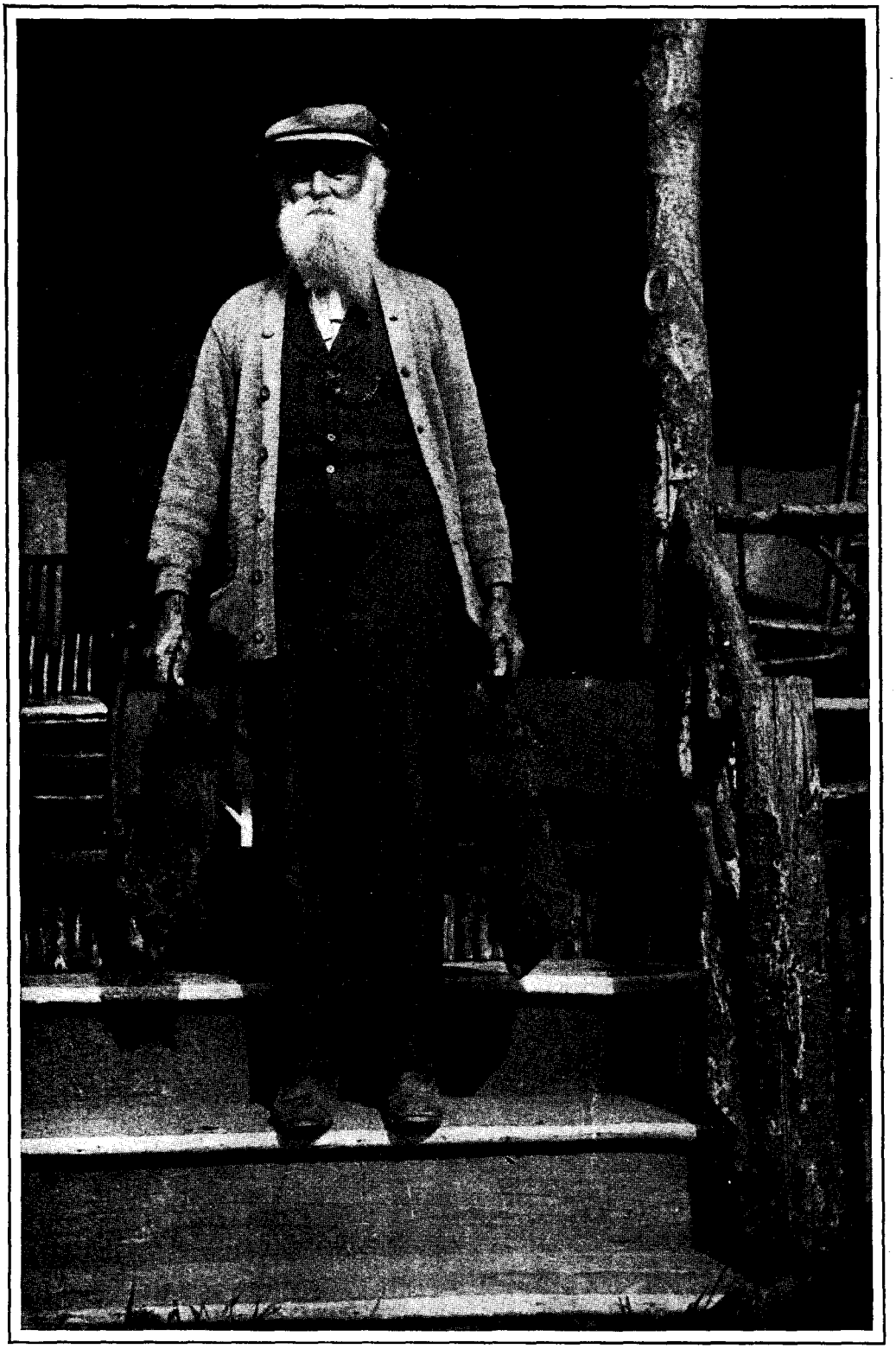

JOHN BURROUGHS AND THE WOODCHUCKS

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In the interval before dark we walked with Mr. Burroughs down the road, past the old home where he was born, and on up the hill to the turn where a few old stones almost hidden by the tall grass marked an ancient burying ground. It was here that the boy Burroughs—filled with the memory of the ghost stories of his grandfather Kelly, who served with Washington at Valley Forge—used to run by when he passed at dusk, not daring to stop until his breath gave out. From this spot we watched the sun set while Mr. Burroughs pointed to the scenes of his boyish exploits, which seemed always uppermost in his mind. Here in the glow of the sunset I began to understand the secret of the influence of this valley on the man whose impressionable years had been spent in its shelter, and I realized why the great river at West Park had no deep and abiding place in his life. A feeling of peace and contentment crept over me. Nature seemed to have finished her work here. The hills were broad-backed and smoothly rounded; the stone walls piled in place by farmers whose blood was quickened by the news of the Declaration of Independence, the cleared fields, and here and there a little white farm-house, all served to give the impression that here man had dwelt for ages in harmony with nature, and that the great protecting hills had many of the attributes of a father and mother to the inhabitants of the fertile valley. So I understood when Mr. Burroughs said, with a sweep of his hands, "Here I am at home, and these mountains stand in place of father and mother to me."

The sun set, the trees in the old sugar bush became only a blur on the side of "Old Clump," and as we passed the "Old Home" the lamps had been lit and a small member of the Burroughs family waved to us as he was carried off to bed.

How one does sleep when out of doors in the mountains! All feeling of weariness disappears; there is no desire to lie abed and mentally doze. While it was yet dark we heard the call of the bobolink floating down from the heights as the birds sped past on their way south. With the sunrise we woke up refreshed and alert for whatever the day might bring. At Woodchuck Lodge we retire early and breakfast at seven. How I wished I had the moving-picture camera as Mr. Burroughs went to the garden to pick some corn and beans and then to the woodshed to split some sticks for the range!

After breakfast, market-basket on his arm, he started forth to work. Not, however, as do his neighbors, for in the basket are pages of manuscript, with perhaps a red apple or two. What a picture he made as he climbed the hill back of the house, up the well-worn path to the Brush Camp! Formerly his writing was done on a packing-box in the barn, facing the great open door, but in the Brush Camp he is nearer to nature. The dry leaves rustle in the breeze with a woodsy sound. He is in the middle of an old apple orchard that was in its prime a century ago. The wild life ebbs and flows about him. Sometimes a woodpecker or nuthatch seeks for grubs on the trees a few feet away, giving only a glance at the quiet figure in the shelter of the boughs; or in the distance a woodchuck sits up to survey the country for possible enemies or perhaps a fallen apple. Whenever the philosopher of nature looks up from his desk, consisting of a box and a plank, he has a beautiful outlook over cultivated valleys and wooded hilltops. On a shelf within easy reach are a few books needed for reference. Just now they are chiefly books on geology and evolution and chemistry, subjects about which Mr. Burroughs has been pondering deeply. His writing is done in the morning, when his faculties are at their best.

Woodchuck Lodge lives up to its name. The reason for its being so called is apparent on all sides, and is never lost sight of. Woodchuck holes are visible everywhere. Mr. Burroughs—looking at woodchucks from the farmer's standpoint—considers them vermin and legitimate prey. The hunting instinct seizes every one at the Lodge, and when a brown object is seen in a distant field or orchard, Mr. Burroughs seizes his rifle and creeps toward the railing of the porch. Usually the woodchuck, understanding conditions perfectly, notes the movement even if a hundred yards away and disappears into his hole. If, however, he is seen over the barrel of the gun—it usually means one woodchuck less. One day I saw Mr. Burroughs dispose of five of the rodents with six shots. This warfare does not tend toward extermination, for notwithstanding it the woodchucks are as numerous as ever.

So, whether trying his skill as a marksman on woodchucks, contemplating nature, or thinking and writing about the new discoveries in chemistry and the new conceptions of matter, the best days of the year for Mr. Burroughs are those spent at Woodchuck Lodge.

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COMMERCE AND FINANCE

A MONTHLY ARTICLE BY THEODORE H. PRICE

THE PRACTICE OF "SHORT" SELLING

IS IT JUSTIFIABLE IN THE LIGHT OF RECENT STOCK EXCHANGE EXPERIENCE?

THE time has arrived when Americans can commence to study some of the lessons to be drawn from the problems of the war that have either solved themselves or have been solved by conscious and painstaking effort on the part of those called upon to deal with the unprecedented emergencies of the financial situation.

One of the most important and interesting of these problems was that which had to do with the business of the stock and commodity exchanges of the United States.

After the usual closing time July 30, business was indefinitely suspended on the New York Stock Exchange and all the other stock exchanges of the country. The New York and New Orleans Cotton Exchanges followed suit at 11:15 on the morning of July 31. The Chicago Board of Trade, the New York Produce Exchange, and the other great grain markets of the country remained open and have conducted an active business during the period that the stock and cotton exchanges were closed.

The prices of grain were advancing, those of securities and cotton were declining; and the closing of the exchanges upon which declining values were recorded, while those upon which advancing quotations were registered remained open, has led some to question whether the machinery of the exchanges ought under any circumstances to be made available to those who would "operate for a decline."

It is generally admitted that great losses and many failures in the security market were averted by the simple expedient of closing the Stock Exchange and making short sales impossible. It is equally true that the closing of the cotton exchanges permitted those who held the comparatively small supply of cotton then in existence to market it deliberately at prices much higher than they could have obtained if the "bears" had been permitted to compete by offering to sell cotton for future delivery which they did not own, in the hope of later on buying at a lower price from bona-fide holders.

When the exchanges reopened, the wisdom of restricting short selling was again recognized in the rules prohibiting sales at below certain minimum prices.

In previous crises some way has generally been found to prevent short sales. It is said, and generally believed, that during the panic of 1907 the late J. Pierpont Morgan used his almost omnipotent power to check the selling of stocks by those who did not own them; and in the Russo-Japanese War the great French bankers who were large holders of Russian bonds induced the Paris Bourse to adopt a rule which compelled the would-be seller of Russian securities to declare the serial number on the certificates representing such securities concurrently with the offer to sell. This made it impossible to "borrow" the securities after they had been sold, which is the method usually used to consummate short sales in the stock market.

Quite reasonably, therefore, many people are now asking whether, if it is wise to prevent short selling when conditions are abnormal, it is not also wise to prevent it altogether, and who shall be the judge as to the degree of abnormality in financial conditions that justifies the suspension of operations for the decline.

In a recent editorial under the caption "Bridling the Bears" the New York "World" says:

> The New York Stock Exchange is now wide open for business as before the war, but with a minimum-price line throughout the trading list.
>
> This line closely follows the low prices established by the panic which closed the Exchange on July 30. It is well below the general estimate of the values of these securities. "Short" selling or selling of "long" stocks may proceed without limit above this line. Below the line they cannot proceed at all on the floor of the Exchange or through any of its members.
>
> This is a notification to the country that the Exchange cannot be used as an agency for unlimited bear raids having no other purpose than by purely artificial means to cause a wreckage of prices and of other interests for the profit of a few daring plungers. It is a notification to Europe that this country cannot be forced to take back the ownership of its foreign-held

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securities in any amount and at any time Europe pleases.

Short selling runs through all business and has its wholesome uses. It also has its abuses, and they have nowhere been more flagrantly or injuriously practiced than on the New York Stock Exchange. This is now admitted by the governors of the Exchange in their minimum-price restriction. It has been admitted before in the fact, still a boast of Wall Street, that during the height of the Civil War short selling of Government bonds was ruled against for patriotic reasons.

If a minimum-price restriction on bear-raiding now, why not all the time? It is recognized as a practical and effective restraint. Changing the minimum price to suit changes in the evident value of securities, it would provide an elastic restriction which would automatically rule out the short-sale abuses.

There exists over the country a strong sentiment for the legislative prohibition of short selling on all exchanges. If it were practicable, it would not be wise. The uses are to be recognized. The abuses only are to be aimed at.

The question thus raised is exceedingly complex. That it should be raised at all is significant of the growing disposition to insist upon a consideration of the ethical quality of many practices formerly regarded as entirely legitimate.

It is only by contrasting the written and unwritten commercial laws of twenty-five years ago with those which prevail to-day that we realize the progress that has been made in applying the Golden Rule to business.

Within the period named the legal doctrine of *caveat emptor* (let the buyer beware) has almost been abandoned in its application to the larger affairs of business, and even in the retail trade it is now generally recognized that any effort to sell goods at more than their intrinsic value is commercially unmoral, if not immoral.

In the matter of railway rebates and price-cutting, there is to be observed the same quickening of conscience with regard to the rights of competitors and the public. The statutes which make such practices illegal could not have been enacted or enforced without the support of a public sentiment the existence of which connotes a recognition of the "Eleventh Commandment" that would have been inconceivable to the generation of men who acquiesced with the late Senator Ingalls in his description of the Decalogue as an "iridescent dream."

The idealist likes to believe that the change marks the advance of altruism, and the man who calls himself "practical" grudgingly admits that it expresses a broader application of the maxim that "honesty is the best policy;" but every one agrees that the accepted social philosophy of the day, however it may be described, compels a more searching inquiry than previously into the effect of our own acts upon the rights and interests of others.

This new social philosophy is responsible for most of the legislation that has established the regulatory commissions and anti-trust laws. Whether we are in sympathy with it or not, we must admit that it is destined to prevail in a democracy, and that it is at least expedient to act in harmony with its spirit.

Conceding this, let us examine briefly the practice of "short selling" as it is followed on the various exchanges, with the object of ascertaining in how far it ministers or is essential to the economical distribution of commodities or investment securities. It will be admitted that if short selling does not facilitate the distributive processes of commerce and finance, as between productive enterprise and the ultimate consumer or investor, it has no economic or moral justification.

In the popular mind the "short seller," or "bear," is generally conceived of as a malevolent and pessimistic person who, in the anticipation of trouble or disaster, puts himself in a position to profit by a depreciation in values, and has a direct pecuniary interest in bringing about that depreciation. He is excoriated as the partner of calamity, and his discomfiture is always regarded with satisfaction.

> "He who sells what isn't his'n
> Is sure to lose and go to prison,"

is a rhyme variously attributed to Daniel Drew and Commodore Vanderbilt, and will probably be repeated as long as the English language survives and bears are forced to cover at a loss in bull markets.

The popular idea as to the essential iniquity of the bear is, however, just as erroneous as the popular idea as to the virtue of the bull.

In an economic sense, it is just as wrong to put prices too high as it is to put them too low, and society has for centuries been trying to find a way to preserve a just mean as between the buyer and the seller. Thus far no better regulator than the law of supply and demand has been discovered, and the question suggested by the recent history of the exchange is: *Does short selling assist in the equitable enforcement of the law of supply*

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and demand, and thereby facilitate distributive commerce in commodities or securities?

If it does not, it should and will be stopped; if it does, it will persist.

Technically, the short seller is one who contracts to deliver property that he does not possess. He can perform his contract only by buying or borrowing the property to be delivered from some one who owns it. This is precisely what is done.

In the commodity markets short sales are generally made for future delivery, and are covered on or before delivery by buying the property to be delivered from some one who has owned it meantime, or has produced it in the interval.

In the stock market securities are generally sold for delivery the day after the sale, and the short seller completes his contract by borrowing the securities sold from some one who owns them, agreeing to return like securities upon demand. If, when return of the securities loaned is demanded, they cannot be borrowed from some one else, then the short seller must cover by buying as best he can. It will at once be evident that all short selling presupposes an ultimate purchase, and this is the defense principally relied upon in support of the practice.

It will also be seen that in the stock market, where securities are sold for immediate delivery, the operations of the short seller are limited by his ability to borrow securities, and that no short sales would be possible except with the acquiescence of some owner of the particular issue of securities sold short.

In so far as the security market is concerned, the stocks through the loan of which short selling is made possible are mostly borrowed from brokers who do not own them, but who by virtue of the advance made on them acquire the right to rehypothecate or loan them.

Under a law of the State of New York, passed some few years ago, written authority must be obtained from the "customer" or beneficial owner of the securities to so loan or rehypothecate them; but most brokers demand this authority in "blanket form" from all customers who trade on margin, and the result is that the mass of securities carried on margin are mostly available for the needs of the short seller.

It is difficult to see how the corporation that issues securities for the money it requires or the investor who supplies that money by buying these securities are benefited by the operations of the short seller. If the securities are too high in relation to their present or prospective earning power, the opportunity of selling them at an inflated value is surely one that should be reserved to the man who has put his money at the risks of the business. If they are not too high, then short selling is less defensible than ever, for it depresses the market appraisement of security values, unnecessarily disturbs the confidence of investors, and injures the credit of the issuing corporation.

The only argument that can be used to justify the practice of short selling on the Stock Exchange is that it "broadens the market," makes it easier to buy and sell, and increases the confidence with which money is lent upon the security of stocks and bonds, because the lenders can more quickly realize upon the collateral in event of default by the borrower. It is urged that securities thereby become more readily available as collateral, and that the fluidity of credit is increased.

This is, of course, desirable; but that short selling contributes to it would seem to be doubtful in view of the fact that when credit tends to congeal, as it does in panics, the prevention of short selling is one of the means invariably adopted to thaw it out and reestablish confidence.

As a matter of fact, the "active" securities, so called because they are quoted most frequently on the Stock Exchange tape, are those to which the practice of short selling is chiefly confined. They represent a very inconsiderable portion of the invested capital of the country, but the quotations established for them from day to day, being published in thousands of newspapers, affect the public imagination in a degree entirely out of proportion to their financial importance.

In this respect they are somewhat like the micrometer used in nice mechanical operations. It is an instrument that registers, exaggerates, and makes visible to the human eye a variation of 1–2,000 of an inch, which could not otherwise be perceived.

The National wealth of the United States is estimated at one hundred and thirty-five billion dollars. Of this, about one-half is in the form of Government or corporate securities.

Not more than ten per cent of the $67,500,000,000 so invested is represented by the securities actively traded in on the Stock Exchanges of New York, Boston, and Philadelphia. There is a growing feeling that the erratic fluctuations of this relatively small group of stocks do more to unsettle than to

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maintain confidence, and that because short selling broadens the market and makes non-investment trading possible, it is, in the last analysis, uneconomic and should be prevented or minimized. If this view is sound, the remedy is easy.

A law that compelled the seller to declare the serial number of each stock certificate or bond offered for sale, and to accompany the delivery of each security sold with specific authority from the real or beneficial owner to sell it, would speedily put a stop to the lending of securities and to short selling, and thereby render the market less susceptible to hysteria and hyperbole.

In the commodity markets, where wheat, corn, oats, cotton, coffee, and sugar are sold for future delivery, the distinction between necessary and unnecessary short selling is much more difficult.

It is undoubtedly desirable that the farmer should have an opportunity to sell his crop in advance of its maturity and that the merchant who is morally, if not legally, obliged to buy the agricultural production of his customers, should be at liberty to anticipate the resale of those prospective purchases. It is, however, more or less of an evil that the purely speculative short seller should be able to increase the weight of an excessive supply by offering to sell what he does not own, in the belief that by so doing he may be able to buy still cheaper from some one else.

Various plans to protect the rights of the legitimate short seller and at the same time prevent the abuse of these rights have been devised, but all of them have proved defective.

Most of the things for which short selling in the commodity market is held responsible are traceable to a practice which makes it possible to trade enormously on a small capital, but which is in principle repugnant to the law. In the trade this practice is known as "ringing out contracts," and would be described in legal language as the successive substitution of principals to a contract.

Through a broker or agent, A, the customer, B, makes a contract with another broker, C. The contract is in the name of A, but is nevertheless for account of an undisclosed principal, viz., B.

Subsequently A may substitute a third broker, D, in the place of C, and successive substitutions may be made until A perhaps comes to occupy the relation of both principal and agent to customer B.

This is done to permit the liquidation of contracts before maturity, and the result is that a man may to-day buy an enormous quantity of wheat or cotton for delivery six months hence and to-morrow sell the same quantity for the same delivery and forthwith be quit of all liability in connection with both transactions.

This makes it possible for the bear to augment enormously the apparent supply of any commodity for sale at a given time and to depress prices factitiously by so doing. It is not clear that it increases the ease with which the legitimate short seller can dispose of commodities of which he is the prospective owner and which he would sell for delivery at the time he expects to be in possession of them.

If, for these and other reasons, overtrading and short selling in commodity futures work the harm that many believe, they can be almost entirely prevented by a very simple statute that would be simply a particularized reiteration of the principle of law which is opposed to any substitution of contracting principals without the consent of all the contracting parties. This might restrict purely speculative transactions, but it is not apparent that it would stop many that are really essential to distributive commerce.

The theory that the present system of speculation in future contracts is necessary as providing insurance against excessive risks for those merchants who deal in commodities is hardly tenable. Any scheme of insurance contemplates that the underwriters (who in the case of commodity speculation are the public) shall upon the average profit by their guarantee.

In commodity speculation it is notorious that on the average the underwriters, *i. e.*, the public, lose money. No insurance business could long survive under such conditions.

Moreover, the insurance business everywhere is under close governmental supervision, and even in the freest underwriting market of the world, the London Lloyds, only professionals are allowed to operate.

If it were practicable to restrict speculation to those who are trained to a study of its hazards, there would probably be no need for any attempt to regulate it otherwise; but as long as the great exchanges present an opportunity for the adventures of the ignorant it is altogether likely that the effort to protect men against themselves will continue, and it is in the hope that such efforts may be intelligently directed that the foregoing has been written.

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THE NEW BOOKS

Everyman Encyclopædia (The). Edited by Andrew Boyle. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. Vols. I-XII. $6 net.

An encyclopædia at fifty cents a volume! Complete, from A to Z, in twelve volumes, substantially bound, for six dollars! When Everyman can get a compendium of all knowledge at this price, does not criticism seem something like "looking a gift horse in the mouth"? Yet the man who needs a six-dollar cyclopædia is the very one who must know what he is buying, for his money is dearly earned. Let us say, therefore, that if Everyman is an American, he will find that this is essentially a British work. It has thousands of entries on American subjects, but the emphasis is on Old World themes. Thus, the article "Europe" is seven and one-half pages in length, that on "America" only one-third of one page. Edinburgh gets more space than New York City, Chicago, and Philadelphia combined. In biography, Wellington gets twice as much space as Washington, Gladstone nearly three times as much as Lincoln. Little honor is given to American inventors; the phonograph, the typewriter, and the linotype (which latter has made possible the production of cheap books) are not described as American inventions, and the Wright brothers get scant credit for the acroplane. There is the customary British indifference to the spelling of American names, biographical and geographical: under "Bragg" Rosecrans appears as "Rosenkranz" and Chattanooga masquerades as "Chattanovga." This may be due to careless proof-reading, as with such mistakes as "Lamière" for Lumière under Photography, and "Luca della Robbia, see Bobbia;" but encyclopædias, even if cheap, ought to be carefully printed. Furthermore, Everyman's Encyclopædia is set in type too small for most men to read with comfort; the headings of the articles are not easy to find, owing to the solidity of the page; the pictures are in many cases ancient woodcuts.

So much for defects; now for virtues. If there are any Abraham Lincolns at present growing up in this country, they will, in their poverty and their struggle for an education, find Everyman's Encyclopædia a godsend. Its 7,600 pages constitute a vast library of generally accurate information; its criticisms of books and authors are in most cases sensible and illuminative; it has many comprehensive and well-balanced articles on important technological, economic, and sociological subjects; it is up to date, it is convenient in size, and the small type is clearly printed. The style is familiar, the articles are generally compact, and the titles included are more numerous than in many of the higher-priced encyclopædias.

In spite of its deficiencies—and deficiencies are inevitable in every such work—the "Everyman Encyclopædia" will probably reach, and be of great value to, a wider circle of readers than have been attracted by any other work of similar character now before the public.

Prehistoric Man and His Story. By Professor G. F. Scott Elliott. The J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia. $2.

The science of anthropology has accumulated an embarrassingly rich mass of discoveries by nearly half a dozen other sciences. This volume, by an eminent British savant, is both welcome and successful in its aim to digest from such a plethora of materials a lucid and straightforward story of human life in its ascent from a rudimentary beginning to the earliest date of recorded history. Before that date, says Professor Elliott, some fifty thousand generations of twenty-five years each must, at the very lowest estimate, have been born and died while four successive ice ages rolled by. What sort of world the first man, ape-like, was born into, and what sort of creature recent geological finds of him—probably her—indicate, are described in realistic and vivid style. How the world, continent by continent, was gradually occupied, the rise of inventions, of pastoral and agricultural life, of art, metal-working, letters, trade, and commerce, are graphically portrayed. The story then comes to the neolithic civilization that prevailed in Europe. From seven to five thousand years ago Europe seems to have been dotted over with little village groups of circular huts. Africa to-day is like Europe ages ago; "Not many years ago Manchester or Birmingham goods were traded almost to the very center of the African continent by inter-village barter."

In America prehistoric civilization made progress—notably in Peru, with its "thorough system of state Socialism." Along the Mediterranean wealthy cities arose. Commercialism blindly supplied northern barbarians with the bronze weapons with which, from 1700 to 1200 B.C., they made havoc of civilization. It perished, says Professor Elliott, as if to warn us of a present peril, "because every man in the community was not trained to serve his country in war."

The volume is richly illustrated, and replete with the evidence found for its fascinating story.

Real Turk (The). By Stanwood Cobb. The Pilgrim Press, Boston. $1.50.

Mr. Stanwood Cobb has written a book which every one interested either in ethnology or in religious propaganda should read. From it the student of ethnology will learn some facts about the Turks which may be new to him. He will learn about the enervating influence of climate, for instance; he will learn that the Turks are not natural traders; he will learn that the Turks are often a kindly people, though still barbarous

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and shockingly cruel. The student of religious propaganda will learn some interesting things about Mohammedanism—that it cannot be despised, that Europe owes much to its civilization, and that, despite fanaticism and superstition, it is really tolerant towards Christianity. In particular the student of religious propaganda is here instructed on our American missions in Turkey and Palestine and Egypt. Mr. Cobb tells us that when the first missionaries started work direct efforts were made to convert Mohammedans. But the success has been infinitesimal in so far as conversions are concerned:

I inquired of one missionary who had just finished a service of fifty years in Constantinople how many Mohammedans had been converted there within his memory. He thought of one. This one later turned out to be a rascal, and the missionaries were therefore not inclined to boast of him.

As to Egypt Mr. Cobb says:

I was speaking with one of the older missionaries who has been in Egypt for fifty years.

"How many converts from Mohammedanism have been made in Egypt during these fifty years?" I asked.

"About one hundred and fifty," he answered.

"In all Egypt?"

"Yes, and even then you are not sure."

"What do you mean?" I said. "They become Christians for interested motives?"

"Yes," he answered. "Some do it in order to get aid, or Christian patronage for business." I had been told by native Egyptians that such was the case, and that the Mohammedans who became converted to Christianity were men of no character.

"Do you think, then," I asked, "that there is any hope of the Mohammedans ever becoming converts to Christianity?"

"No," he said; "I am afraid not."

Such opinions do not, as a rule, reach the churches here. No more does the statement that American schools played little part in the Turkish revolution of 1908. The contrary is supposed to be the case. Mr. Cobb informs us that the revolution was purely Turkish, planned and carried out by men who had never seen the inside of an American school. When, however, the new Government was established, it set aside a fund with which to educate five young men who are at Robert College at the American College for Girls. Having disabused the American mind of certain prejudices, Mr. Cobb is equally emphatic in showing that the influence of our missionaries has been immense upon the uneducated Christian populations of Turkey, the Bulgarians, Armenians, Syrians, Copts. He adds:

All honor to the men who gave their splendid intellects and noble characters to the awakening of these subject peoples—Dwight, Riggs, Schauffler, Goodell, Hamlin, and Herrick—names that must rank high in the history of the world's progress.

Political History of Secession. By Daniel Wait Howe. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. $3.50.

The President of the Indiana Historical Society has given to us in this portly volume a careful, detailed, and informing survey of the events leading up to the Civil War, with particular reference to the historical antecedents of the movement by which the Southern States sought to disrupt the Union. He shows, as previous historians have shown, that the right to secede was an essential part of Southern political belief from an early day; and he shows also, as illustrated by the Hartford Convention and the Garland-Booth affair in Wisconsin, that the secession sentiment was not altogether confined to the South, albeit never so extensive or rooted in the North. That it grew and became intensified in the South he attributes chiefly, of course, to the determination of that section to protect the institution of slavery at all hazards; but he makes very clear his belief that slavery was not the only factor in eventually causing the actual secession of the Southern States.

Though of Puritan descent and a Union soldier, Mr. Howe writes throughout with real historical detachment, and the student who desires an adequate account of the men and measures involved in the ante-bellum conflict may well procure his book. It has an excellent index, and a helpful table of citations for verification and further reading.

Germany (Making of the Nations Series). By A. W. Holland. The Macmillan Company, New York. $2.

In his present volume Mr. Holland has had a great chance to present an impressive picture of Germany. His picture is doubtless accurate, but it is not impressive. It lacks amplitude and atmosphere. For instance, as bearing upon the present war, the final chapter, comprising William II's reign, some seven pages long, is necessarily only the barest outline. Even here, however, we may see that the Germany of the future must necessarily be different from the Germany of the past:

During the past forty years there has been no change in the Constitution of the Empire, and its constituent states have been left to work out their own domestic salvation. In nearly all Socialism has made rapid advancement. . . . Bavaria retains to some extent her traditional hostility to Prussia. . . . In Prussia the chief matter of internal politics has been a demand for a reform of the franchise laws, which has coincided with the growth of Socialism. . . . In Saxony the Socialists have made great headway.

Those of His Own Household. By René Bazin. The Devin-Adair Company, New York. $1.25.

This is a translation of the story which in French is called "Madame Corentine," after the character who is the chief figure in the tale. It describes the life of a fisherman's family on the coast of Brittany and also of a *bourgeois* family who have long been the owners of a mill. The story turns on the separation of a husband and wife through the frivolity of the young and rather foolish wife and the rigorous determination of a peasant mother-in-law, and shows the steps by which, through the aid of a very winning daughter, the separated family is reunited. It is a very simple story, told with a good deal of

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charm, and brings out clearly the strength of the French family feeling, and makes the reader realize also the strength of the peasant and *bourgeois* prejudice.

Republican Rome. By H. L. Havell, B.A. The Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York. $2.50.

This, the second volume in the series of "Great Nations," is no superfluous addition to recent works on the same general subject. Humanistic study of the Roman people, their old aristocracy of birth and new aristocracy of wealth, their character, religion, institutions, and leading men, with critical appraisal of their merits and defects, colors the narrative of the rise and development of a city-state into an empire. The Romans, says Mr. Havell, were, like the English, a practical race with a hard and businesslike character, yet beneath its surface was the vein of tender feeling found in the poetry of Vergil and Catullus. The story of their life-or-death struggle through the seventeen years' Hannibalic war is told with the graphic vividness of a modern war correspondent, and includes comment on the sequel of military success in moral degeneracy. The "liberty" destroyed by Cæsar was that of a "narrow clique of nobles who divided among themselves the spoils of empire." Cæsar took the only feasible way to end this, and to the preservation of "those vital germs of development which . . . have borne splendid fruit in the larger and freer growth of modern Europe." The volume is richly illustrated with plates, maps, and plans.

German Masters of Art. By Helen A. Dickinson. The Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York. $5.

Mrs. Dickinson has done Germany a service. We are apt just now to think of Germany in terms of Prussia, or in terms of militarism, or in terms of the Government's unmorality. Let us for the moment consider Germany in terms of Franconia and Swabia, in terms of art, and in terms of the healthful character of the people. This impression may be had from a stout-looking, well-printed book on the mediæval craftsmen-artists. As the keynote of the Germanic character is emotion, so the ideal of German art is, not beauty, but expression. German artists want us to apprehend the inner nature of their subjects, even though the beauty of external form be disregarded. And that is why a Holbein Madonna sometimes appeals to us more than do the more formally beautiful Italians, just as, to follow our author's comparison, a little girl will sometimes gladly turn from her handsome wax doll to a disreputable-looking rag doll.

The author accepts three general divisions of early German art as developed by the schools of Cologne, of Swabia, and of Franconia. The first spread eastward from Cologne across Westphalia to Hamburg and Saxony. The second included the region about Ulm, spreading westward to the middle Rhine and southward into German Switzerland. The third centered at Nuremberg, and spread eastward to Regensburg and southward into the Tyrol. Out of the School of Cologne was to come Cranach; out of the School of Swabia, Holbein; and out of that of Franconia, Dürer. The development of the art which found its effective expression in the work of these men is a subject for a larger book than is Mrs. Dickinson's substantial volume. But she has condensed her information so as to win many readers who might be appalled by a more exhaustive work.

Man of Nazareth (The). By Frederick Lincoln Anderson. The Macmillan Company, New York. $1.

Professor Anderson here presents in popular form the conclusions reached by his many years of studious research. In a historical rather than theological attitude to his subject he aims to meet from Jesus' own view-point the mainly important questions concerning him and his career. Professor Anderson thinks of Jesus as the wholly and ideally human Son of God, divinely human in his unique consciousness of entire unity in will and purpose with God as the Sovereign Father of himself and all his brother men in his special mission to proclaim the kingdom of God and his righteousness as the basic principle of personal and social salvation. The finality of Jesus is found in the historical proof of his power to bring men to God and God to men beyond what any other has done or can hope to do. The volume significantly evinces the progress which is being made in theological reconstruction.

Inner Life of the Royal Academy (The). By George Dunlop Leslie, R.A. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $3.50.

A book on British artists is naturally of more interest to Britons than to Americans. But art is international. Art really knows no country. We Americans feel drawn toward the artists of other countries, especially latter-day British artists—Watts, for instance. During this latter-day period a continuing thread has been the Royal Academy. A history, therefore, of the relations of British artists to the Royal Academy is bound to be of great interest. We are glad to know just what were the relations to it, for instance, of Turner and Frederick Walker, of Leighton and Millais. We are especially glad to know of those famous Academy dinners and the brilliant speeches which always distinguished them. Mr. Leslie has thus produced a singularly entertaining book.

Wanderer in Venice (A). By E. V. Lucas. The Macmillan Company, New York. $1.75.

A worthy companion to Mr. Lucas's other "Wanderer" books. It is dignified in form, illustrated with intelligence, informed in art and criticism, delightful in personal touch, in humor, and in quality.

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BY THE WAY

Chicago's Public Safety Commission commends the plan, instituted a few months ago, of putting on coroners' juries only men who are out of employment. The fee for the service is small, but it encourages the needy. "The distress relieved is not alone financial," says the Commission; "more than twenty men who admitted that they were desperate and on the verge of suicide before they sat on the jury were saved by the plan. The sight of the remains of those who had killed themselves and the grief of relatives at the inquests banished from their minds all thoughts of self-destruction."

"Another million bushels of wheat were snapped up by Europeans yesterday," says the market report. And as a result wheat went that day to its highest price in sixteen years. This is good news to wheat-raisers, but how about the people who have to buy bread? Even if they were to follow the advice attributed to Marie Antoinette and "eat cake" instead, they would undoubtedly find that higher too—for sugar also has gone up since the war began.

A breeches buoy cableway apparatus invented by Mr. Spencer Miller, says "Shipping Illustrated," has been adopted by the United States revenue cutter service. By its use a ship can rescue passengers from another ship in the heaviest sea. Mr. Miller is also the inventor of a marine cableway that has made it possible to transport coal from ship to ship under headway at sea. Mr. Miller, says the journal quoted, has by his clever mechanical devices practically solved the problem of fueling ships at sea—a vital desideratum of a navy in warfare.

Canada is carrying on great harbor improvements in her seaports, East and West. At Halifax facilities are under construction which will cost $10,000,000, while $8,000,000 is being expended at St. John, N. B.; Levis, opposite Quebec, is building the largest dry dock on the American continent; and extensive improvements are under way at Vancouver, Victoria, and Prince Rupert on the Pacific coast, Fort William and Port Arthur on the Great Lakes, and at Port Nelson on Hudson Bay.

The people's right to the sea beaches has just been affirmed by the Appellate Division of the New York Supreme Court. Henceforth, unless some legal obstacle intervenes, Coney Island's visitors may walk without interference by obstructing fences along the water-front of the beach. Nearly 600 feet of the beach has heretofore been closed to the public by private encroachments.

Miniature trees such as the Japanese produce in perfection, the "Youth's Companion" says, can be grown by the simple process of planting a seed in half of an orange skin in which fine soil has been substituted for the pulp. The outside of the skin is covered with shellac, and when the tiny roots force their way through this they are carefully cut off. The paring off of the roots, it is claimed, stunts the tree.

The popular dance, the "fox-trot," it may not be generally known, is an accomplishment of the well-educated saddle-horse as well as of "society" people. The "Rider and Driver," answering a question as to what an American saddle-horse is trained to do, mentions five gaits in which he should be proficient—"walk, trot, canter, single foot or fox-trot, and pace."

The President of the Long Island Railroad, Ralph Peters, spent two busy days just preceding Christmas. He shook hands with over a thousand men, employees of the road, calling a large proportion of them by name. The receptions at which this greeting took place were held at three principal stations of the railway. Each employee received a Christmas souvenir of the occasion as well as a verbal expression of good will.

The American steamship Pathfinder left Galveston December 25 for Bremen, with a cargo of cotton, 6,650 bales, the first cotton to go to Germany since the beginning of the war. The freight rate on this cotton, $3 per 100 lbs., is said to be the highest ever paid at the port of Galveston. A year ago the current rate was about 35 cents per 100 lbs.

"A few days ago," says the Chicago "Tribune" in commenting on the ways of children, "a little friend of ours, three years old, stopped for her daily visit, but as we had other company we did not pay much attention to her chatter until she said that she would go home. I asked her to come over again, and she answered doubtfully, 'Well, if you'd like to have me, I'll stay now!'"

A useful little craft was recently presented to the Seamen's Church Institute of New York City by Louis Gordon Hamersley, a Harvard undergraduate, in memory of his father. The boat, which will accommodate a hundred sailors and their dunnage, will be used by the Institute in extending a welcome to sailors of incoming ships who might otherwise fall into the hands of boarding-house sharks.

Napoleon could get along very well with four hours' sleep a night during his campaigns; but apparently the present commander-in-chief of the French forces, General Joffre, does still better, for an English paper says that most of his sleeping is done in a motor car, which he finds more restful than a camp bed, and that he sleeps while he travels at night, seldom making less than forty miles an hour on his journeys.

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